

Ann Parker
MISCELLANIES

her IN *Book*

PROSE AND VERSE,

By Mrs. **CHAPONE,**

AUTHOR OF

LETTERS ON THE IMPROVEMENT
OF THE MIND.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

**THE TEMPLE OF VIRTUE,
A D R E A M.**

PUBLISHED BY

JAMES FORDYCE, D.D.

AUTHOR OF

SERMONS TO YOUNG WOMEN.

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T O

Mrs. ELIZABETH CARTER.

DEAR MADAM,

AS my presumption, in offering this little volume to the public, has been principally excited by you, and your admirable friend Mrs. MONTAGU, it is fit you should take your share of whatever blame it may incur. After a course of years, which should have added to my judgment what it has taken from my imagination, and in which vanity and ambition have been sufficiently repressed by affliction,

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to

iv DEDICATION.

to produce to the world the trifling performances of my youth, which I then had modesty enough to conceal, is, I must confess, what my own feelings would never have dictated, had not two such friends, whose judgment and sincerity I could not distrust, pronounced that so it must be. With such supporters, however, I think myself secure against contempt, and that when it shall be known that both my youth and age have been blessed and honoured with the friendship of Mrs. CARTER, the world will be disposed to treat me with kindness, unless that kindness should be intercepted by envy.

The following little poems you know were most of them written when I was very young, and all of them (except the translations) many years ago ; the last has already appeared in
a far

DEDICATION. v

a far more honourable station, at the head of your admirable translation of Epictetus; but as many persons read poetry who do not read philosophy, I am advised to reprint it here.

The prose essays (excepted the Story of Fidelia, which appeared in the Adventurer) are late compositions. I fear the greater number of my readers may think them too strongly tinged with that seriousness, which has long been the prevailing habit of my mind; while others, of a more similar cast of thought, may possibly be led by them to useful and improving reflections. If in any mind they should raise or strengthen a single sentiment favourable to virtue, I shall be better rewarded than by the most universal applauses of the public.

Esteemed

V DEDICATION.

Esteemed and honoured as is my excellent friend, amongst the most distinguished characters of this country, I persuade myself that she will not disdain my humbler testimony to that worth, which I prefer to all the learning and genius which has gained her the general admiration of the world ; but that she will allow me to boast of a title, which I consider as the highest honour, that of

Her most affectionate,

and faithful friend,

Wardour-street,
Jan. 20, 1775.

H. CHAPONE.



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C O N T E N T S.

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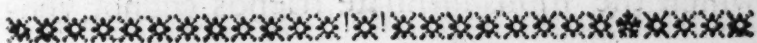
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MISCEL-



MISCELLANIES.



ESSAY I.

On Affectation and Simplicity.

IF I was asked which of all the qualities that constitute an amiable character, would singly go farthest, in gaining my love and admiration, I should answer, without hesitation, *Simplicity*. I cannot suppose myself peculiar in this preference; for I have observed the general attraction of this quality, which operates even on those who are themselves most deficient in it. How comes it then to pass that an excessive desire of admiration always shews itself in *Affectation* of some kind or other? That every one should,

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in proportion to the strength of this desire, act in a manner, which most effectually defeats the accomplishment of it, is surely a phenomenon in the moral world, not unworthy the enquiry of philosophers.

Affectation is so universally acknowledged to be disgusting, that it is among the faults which the most intimate friends cannot venture gravely to reprove in each other; for, to tell your friends that they are habitually affected, is to tell them that they are habitually disagreeable; which nobody can bear to hear. I beg leave therefore, as a general friend, without offending any one, to whisper to all those whose hearts confess that vanity has inspired them with any sort of affectation, *that it never does, nor ever can succeed as a means of pleasing.*

I have a thousand times wished to tell *Flirtilla*, that the efforts she makes to be constantly in motion, and perpetually giggling, do not pass upon me for the vivacity of youth: I see they cost her a great deal of trouble, and it gives me an irritation of nerves to look at her; so that it would have



have been much for her ease and mine, could I have ventured to beg that she would always in my presence give way to her natural languor and dulness, which would be far more agreeable to me.

Gloriosa, whenever a remarkable instance of generosity or goodness is mentioned, takes infinite pains, with the most pompous eloquence, to convince me that the action seems poor to the greatness of *her* soul—that *she* should think half her fortune a trifling gift to a worthy friend—that she would rather suffer the most exquisite pain herself, than see a fellow-creature, tho' a stranger, endure it—and that it is a nobler effort in *her* to refrain from the most generous actions, than it would be in the greatest miser to perform them.—I long to let her know, that the only effect these declarations produce in my mind is, a doubt, which I should otherwise never have entertained, whether she really possesses even the common portion of good-nature and benevolence.

Humanus, on the other hand, need not

be so much ashamed of his tenderness and goodness of heart—which is the only agreeable part of his character, and which all his affected roughness and insensibility cannot hide. Be content, good Humanus; you never can attain the reputation to which you aspire, of a stern unfeeling heart; we all know you are good-natured and affectionate; and it is for the sake of these qualities alone that we endure all the disgusting airs of brutality you give yourself.

Poor young *Saunter*, having observed that the few men of fashion and fortune who admit him into their company are gamesters and debauchées, thinks nothing more is necessary to make him appear like a man of fashion and fortune, than to be thought a gamester and a debauchée. To this end he really practises some vices, and professes many more. He will entertain you for hours with boasting of ruinous betts which he never made, and riotous debauches of which he never was guilty. But nobody believes him: every body knows that the poor young man would be sober enough, if he thought it genteel; and, notwithstanding the great spirit with
which

which he professes to despise his too indulgent father, and to wish him dead, there are strong suspicions that he is not absolutely without natural affection, and that he really does not behave ill to the good old man, except in the article of spending too much of his money. Let me persuade you, Saunter, to make an experiment, whether the world would not receive you as well with a few good qualities, as with all the bad ones you assume. If you find it does not succeed, you may more easily return to the ways of vice, than you could to those of virtue should you delay much longer, and should you ever have sense enough to perceive what a despicable animal vanity has made you.

The important airs and insolence of a rich mechanic just setting up for a gentleman, is not a more decisive mark of a low-lived man, than the over-strained humility of *Superbia* is of an immeasurable pride. Whilst she depreciates herself in every sentence, and affects to exalt her companions so far above her, that she will scarcely allow herself worthy to converse with them, she makes
them

them feel her proud condescension in a manner that is more offensive than the most openly assumed superiority. Her aim is, to place in the strongest point of view the advantages she has, or thinks she has, over them, and then to be supposed superior in herself to all those advantages, and adorned with such humility as must heighten their respect and admiration. Poor woman! she fails in both these aims. Her affected humility renders her contemptibly ridiculous; and her real pride arms every body's self-love against her, and disposes them to undervalue those circumstances on which they see she founds her consequence.

As liars often presume so far on the politeness of the company—which forbids the flat contradiction of a matter of fact—as to utter the most palpable falsehoods; so the persons I have described presume, on the same grounds, that every one they converse with is the dupe of their affectation. A little better opinion of the sagacity of others would save both the *affected* and the *cunning* a world of unnecessary trouble. Cunning

ning does indeed sometimes succeed in deceiving the particular person to whom it is applied ; but a man characteristically artful is almost always seen through by the generality of the world. Affected gestures, manner, or sentiments in conversation are obvious to every understanding : every one joins in pronouncing them ridiculous.—One of the most affected women I ever knew, said to me once, in a tone of the utmost languor, “ You know one had better be *dead* “ than be *affected* ! ” —thus, all condemn what they expect to be admired for ; and hope, against all reason and probability, to impose on the world by the same arts which they can themselves so easily discern in others, and so readily join to deride.

Whilst the vain man is painfully striving to outshine all the company, and to attract their admiration, by false wit, forced compliments, and studied graces, he must surely be mortified to observe how constantly *Simplicius* engages their attention, respect, and complacency, without having once thought of himself as a person of any consequence
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amongst them. Simplicius imparts his superior knowledge, when called upon, as easily and naturally as he would tell you what it is o'clock; and with the same readiness and good-will informs the most ignorant, or confers with the most learned. He is as willing to receive information as to give it, and to join the company as far as he is able, in the most trifling conversation into which they happen to fall, as in the most serious and sublime. If he disputes, it is with as much candour on the most important and interesting, as on the most insignificant subjects, and he is not less patient in hearing than in answering his antagonist. If you talk to him of himself, or his works, he accepts praise, or acknowledges defects, with equal meekness, and it is impossible to suspect him of affectation in either. We are more obliged and gratified by the plain, unexaggerated expressions of his regard, than by the compliments and attentions of the most accomplished pattern of high breeding; because his benevolence and sincerity are so strongly marked in every look, word, and

and action, that we are convinced his civilities are offered for our sakes, not for his own; and are the natural effects of real kindness, not the studied ornaments of behaviour. Every one is desirous to shew him kindness in return, which we know will be accepted just as it is meant. All are ready to pay him that deference which he does not desire, and to give him credit for more than he assumes, or even for more than he possesses. With a person ungraceful, and with manners unpolished by the world, his behaviour is always proper, easy, and respectable; as free from constraint and servility in the highest company, as from haughtiness and insolence in the lowest. His dignity arises from his humility; and the sweetness, gentleness, and frankness of his manners from the real goodness and rectitude of his heart, which lies open to inspection in all the fearlessness of truth, without any need of disguise or ornament.

Where this foundation of real virtue is wanting, every art of pleasing is but the thin, superficial covering of deformity,

which becomes the more disgusting by the pains taken to dress it in false colours. No wonder then that *Simplicity* is so sure of attracting love and approbation, since it implies almost every other virtue. No wonder that the heart, where envy, pride, and vanity reside, will not venture to trust itself to the lips or eyes. “*Dare to be what you are,*” is a good maxim; but it will only be put in practice by those who are what they ought to be. Every one may however rest assured, that they are generally *known* for what they are, and that falsehood, like Cain, has a mark set upon it by Heaven. This mark may not be discerned on a superficial view, nor by the foolish, the young, and inexperienced; but in a short course of years it will be discovered by so many eyes, that the world cannot be kept ignorant of it, and it will then be punished by the scorn it deserves.

Whoever, therefore, desires to please, to be respected and beloved, let him first give his attention to the inward state of his mind. When all is right there, outward elegancies may be easily attained, or the want of them easily excused. But if nature
and

and the heart have no share in dictating his behaviour, his looks, and his sentiments, he may be a fop, a dancing-master, a courtier, or a spy; but he can never be an amiable man.

This, the noble writer, whose letters to his son have lately engaged the attention of the public, seems to have forgotten. Intent on those worldly advantages, which cannot be attained without the good-will of mankind, he unweariedly recommends and enforces the *appearances* of all that he thinks engaging; but forgets that those appearances must be the result of real excellencies, which he takes no pains to inculcate. Even* sweetness of countenance he thinks may be put

* Vide Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Letter 220.—

“ Learn even to compose your countenance to the respectful, the chearful, and the insinuating.” Letter 221.—“ An air, a tone of voice, a composure of countenance to mildness and softness, which are all easily acquired, do the business; and without farther examination, and possibly with the contrary qualities, that man is reckoned the gentlest, the modestest, the best-natured man alive. Happy the man who with a certain fund of parts and knowledge gets acquainted with the world early enough.

“ 10.

put on and adjusted at the glass, like the Rouge and the Bouquet; and that his son may possess less *les manieres nobles*, and all the charms of liberal and ingenuous youth; whilst in reality he regulates his * friendships by his views of future advancement; † conceals every passion and sentiment of his own heart, and takes advantage of those of others; whilst he sets no other bounds to his

“ to make it his *bubble*, at an age when most people
 “ are the bubbles of the world! for that is the com-
 “ mon case of youth.”

* Vide Letter 140 and 207.

† Vide Letter 151.--In this Letter his lordship quotes from Lord Bacon the distinction between *simulation* and *dissimulation*—“ the last of which is only to hide a man’s
 “ own cards, whereas *simulation* is put on in order to
 “ look into other people’s.” But does not the following account of his own management, which he recommends to his son as an example, come under the description of *simulation*? “ I should desire nothing better in any ne-
 “ gotiation, than to have to do with one of these
 “ men of warm, quick passions: which I would take
 “ care to set in motion. By artful provocations I
 “ would extort rash unguarded expressions; and, by
 “ hinting at all the several things I could suspect, in-
 “ fallibly

his flattery, but those of the credulity of his companions, and lavishes every mark of attention and admiration, of kindness and good-nature, with no other motive or end but his own advantage. The favourite maxim which his lordship so often repeats, * “ *Il volto sciolto, i pensieri stretti,*” he thinks as practicable as it is convenient; forgetting that an open countenance is the index nature gave to an open ingenuous heart; and that the best teacher can hardly bring a youth of nineteen to such perfection in hypocrisy, as to give his face and air the frankness proper to his age, and his mind the cunning and design of an old statesman. But, God be praised! we are not constituted to be the dupes of every shallow artifice; and a hypocrite under twenty has very little chance of making “ *the world*”

“ fallibly discover the true one, by the alteration it occasions in the countenance of the person.” Is not this to look into another man’s cards? As a minister it may be *able conduct*, but as a man it is surely *detestable*.

* The countenance open, the thoughts close.

"*world his bubble* *." Scarcely even the weakest of that sex which his lordship considers as far below rationality †, would be much charmed with a youth who had been tutored by his father to make love ‡ *wherever he went*, because it was *cheaper* and *safer* to have an arrangement with a married woman of fashion, than to keep an opera girl. It is impossible to think of this in a moral light without a degree of horror, which obscures the ridicule of it. That such precepts should have been the instructions of a father to his son, and that they should be publicly offered to the youth of a nation

* Vide note pp. 13 and 14. † Letter 129.

‡ Letter 242. — "Address yourself to some woman of fashion and beauty *wherever you are*; and try how far that will go. If the place be not secured beforehand, and garrisoned, nine times in ten you will take it." Sometimes his lordship directs him to address *two* at the same time; *one* as a Mad. l'Urfay, to instruct him in the art of pleasing; the *other* to exercise those arts upon. Mad. de Blot is chosen for this last office, on account of her perverse fidelity to her husband, "*tho' married above a year*."

nation where the sacredness of marriage and the bonds of family love are not yet entirely exploded, are indeed most alarming symptoms of corruption. The mean self-love, which is thus inculcated, at the expence of the most important interests of society, must shew itself through the whole man, in spite of the frippery in which his lordship would dress him. Elegance of mind can alone produce true elegance of behaviour. *Les manieres douces* belong to a gentle and good heart—*les manieres nobles* to a spirit of generosity, bravery, and truth.

“ *Worth* makes the *man*, and want of it the *fellow*;

“ The rest is all but leather or prunella.

POPE.

E S S A Y II.

On Conversation.

I Have always considered the universal practice of card-playing as particularly pernicious in this respect, that, whilst it keeps people perpetually in company, it excludes conversation. The hours which are spent in society may be made, not only the most agreeable, but perhaps the most useful of any, provided our companions are well chosen. But tho' this cannot always be the case, and tho' few persons are qualified to make a figure in conversation, or to give it all the advantage of which it is capable, yet, even amongst those of moderate understanding and knowledge, it seems almost impossible that an evening should pass in mutual endeavours to entertain each other, without something being struck out, that would in some degree enlighten and improve the mind. If we are not instructed by what we hear, we may at least derive some advantage from
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the exercise of our own powers, from being obliged to recollect and produce what we know or what we think on the topics which arise; and whilst the understanding is thus kept in action, tho' perhaps on subjects not very important, it is certainly more likely to acquire some vigour, than whilst its attention is confined to the management of a hand of cards. In the mean time our self-command may be improving by the exercise of politeness; which teaches us to offer our favourite opinions with modesty, to hear them controverted with good humour, and to maintain them with moderation:—to listen with patient attention to a tedious or a well-known story—to answer an objection that is nothing to the purpose, and make some civil reply to an argument too confused to be understood. These are useful, tho' not very pleasant, exertions of benevolence and self-denial; and such utility may be derived even from those who can no otherwise contribute to our improvement. Many more pleasing advantages one should

expect

expect to find in the company of persons of fashion and education.

But, alas! if one attends to the numerous abuses of conversation, and observes how often it offends against some of the first principles of morality, one is tempted to think that even card-playing, tho' it interests none but the most unlovely passions, is a less dangerous method of employing time.

Many are the natural temptations to offences of the tongue, from which we are constantly in danger in all times and all places. But some of those which prevail in our present polite circles, seem to arise merely from the *ton* which has been imported to us from a neighbouring nation, where perhaps the same things may be natural and harmless, which, *in us*, are affected, and fruitful of bad consequences. Surely nothing can be less natural to the dry and reserved temper of the English, than that flow of unbounded flattery which seems the established commerce of the *grand monde*, but which, to a modest mind, unhardened by the constant use of it, is really quite overwhelming. That
deep

deep and affecting interest, with which a mere common acquaintance talks to you for half an hour of your slightest indisposition—those tender professions of affection and esteem—that admiration, which exhausts the language to express itself, are so exceedingly uncongenial to an English heart (slow to expand itself, tho' warm and steady in real affection) that they never sit handsomely on us ; and, tho' we may be pleased at the moment with the self-consequence given us, we soon feel a degree of disgust arising towards those from whom we receive it.

Another fashion, very inconvenient to a people naturally grave, is that of being always gay. Lively airs and diverting sallies are so essential in a fashionable company, that, if they cannot be kept up by harmless wit and humour, they must be produced by throwing an air of ridicule on the most important subjects, and the most respectable characters ; not excepting the principles we profess to believe, or the persons we profess to esteem.

Thus, whilst we lavish our praise on those who are present (a practice which untaught nature

nature would blush at) we derive all our mirth from the absent, to whom we are not less liberal of abuse and ridicule (an injustice which every honest peasant would scorn.) Some are even shameless enough to begin their ridicule on those who have just quitted the room, and whom they have been grossly flattering; though it is so obvious, that the remaining part of the company, after having been fatigued with bowing to their compliments, must expect the same fate in their turn, as their carriages drive from the door.

Nothing is to me more disgusting than that air of mildness and benevolence with which some ill-natured observation on the person or dress of our absent acquaintance, or some sly sarcasm, designed to obscure the brightest part of their character, is usually introduced. If the defects of a lady's person are to be held forth to ridicule, it is first remarked, that "she is certainly the best kind of woman in the world." If one of distinguished talents is to be the victim, those talents are magnified and exalted in the strongest terms, and then in a lower voice you are called upon

upon to take notice of the conscious superiority of her manner, the ostentatious display of her knowledge, or the pointed affectation of her wit. Some absurd saying, which envy had invented for her, is produced as a sample of her *bons mots*, and some trait of impertinence, tho' perhaps the most contrary to her character, related as a specimen of her behaviour. When the lady ***'s have been extolled for their charity and goodness, I have heard it added, "that it is impossible
" to pass thro' their hall without terrible
" consequences, 'tis so full of company from
" Broad St. Giles's."—Mrs. **** is confessedly the most pious creature upon
" earth!—poor soul! she was carried to
" church in an ague-fit last Sunday; for
" she thinks there is no going to heaven
" without hearing Mr. *Such-a-one* preach
" once a week."—Thus by the help of exaggeration, you may possibly succeed in raising a sneer against a plain person, or a bright understanding—against Christian beneficence, or rational piety; but as you profess the
highest

highest esteem for the characters you ridicule, nobody must say, that you are censorious or unfriendly.

Another heinous evil arises from the necessity of being *au fait*, with regard to every character and occurrence that is talked of. The word and thing called *sentiment* being exploded as perfectly ridiculous—all discussion of general topics being formal, tedious, and insufferable—and literary subjects pedantic and affected, there remains nothing, when you have done with public affairs and public diversions, but private anecdotes—pulling down, or gently undermining characters—sitting in judgement on those transactions, which, though of a private nature, are, by the newly established custom of the times, laid before the public—or producing fresh accounts of them from private hands. I hardly ever heard a conversation of this kind carried on for half an hour, without some flagrant instance of slander and injustice. It is amazing to observe the courage with which, upon mere common report, facts are repeated, which tend to the utter ruin

ruin of a character, and even motives confidently assigned, which it was impossible should be known. I have heard things asserted as indisputable truths, with the air of a person who was behind the curtain and knew the whole, which I have afterwards detected to have been taken on trust from the newspapers.

The heaviest misfortunes will not shelter you from censure, when the conversation takes this turn. If you have lost your dearest friend, we pity you indeed; but we cannot help observing, either that you have very little feeling, and do not grieve enough, or that you are highly blameable in feeling too much, and grieving too violently; or else that there is something very ridiculous in your manner of shewing your grief, or in some circumstance of your behaviour under it. If you are stripped of your whole fortune, 'tis a terrible thing to be sure; but it can't be dissembled, that your own imprudence was, in a great measure, the cause of it. If distemper or accident has disfigured your face or distorted your limbs, we can't help being diverted with

the oddness of your figure — but, poor creature! we are excessively shock'd and concerned at the same time.

If all the evil-speaking one hears was to be esteemed the effect of malice, one might sometimes fancy one's self in the infernal regions; but I sincerely believe, malice has very seldom any share in it: the desire of keeping up or enlivening genteel conversation, with the want of rational knowledge, or the fear of being ridiculed for shewing the knowledge we have, is the general cause of those injuries we do our fellow-creatures in our common discourse.

But if the desire of being fashionable leads to many immoralities, one would expect it should at least preserve us from such as offend no less against the laws of politeness, than against those of religion and virtue. It is the boast of this age to have discovered, that true politeness consists, not in modes and ceremonies, but in entering with delicacy into the feelings of our companions, conforming to their inclinations, exalting them in their own opinions, and relieving them as
much

much as possible from every restraint and anxiety : but how ill are these maxims observed towards those who have not yet learned the fashionable indifference and levity on serious subjects ! A young person educated in religious sentiments, and warm with the love of virtue, when first admitted into the circles of persons of character, thinks he cannot better recommend himself, than by taking some opportunity of expressing the sentiments he has been taught to revere : but how is he shocked and mortified, to find himself stared at and ridiculed, his gravity answered with contemptuous smiles, or received with a general silence, the distressful effect of which can only be conceived by those who have felt it ! Sunk into the deepest confusion on finding himself so much too wise and good for his company, he soon determines no more to offend on that side : but would any of the most troublesome formalities of former ages have cost him a pain equal to this unmerited shame, or the constraint he must suffer in disguising his sentiments, and enuring himself to the ridicule and contempt of what he had been used to hold most sacred?

The present pain inflicted on him is a cruel outrage on good manners; but the consequences of it are far more injurious. Such an attack on a young man's sensibility is but too generally followed by the sacrifice of virtue to fashion; and he gradually adopts an air of disdain for all that should preserve him from corruption and ruin.

Refinement of sentiment in a young lady too often meets with a like fate. She has not the courage to assume a superior elegance of mind to those she converses with, who would only laugh at her pretensions; she must therefore, on pain of being treated as a romance heroine, learn to debase the pure lustre of virgin delicacy and refined sensibility; she must adopt the worldly notions, and the free, not to say licentious manners of those who have already trod the round of public diversions, and have been hackneyed in the ways of the gay world; till from copying their external behaviour, she gradually reduces her mind to the same standard, and brings down every high thought, every delicate and ingenuous sentiment, with which
books

books and education had inspired her, to the *ton* of unfeeling dissipation.

Nor can we wonder that the modest timidity of youth should be thus borne down by the imposing air of the world, when we see that it has but too strong an effect even on well-principled and long-practised virtue. I believe I may appeal to the bosom of almost every man of religious principles, whose situation has obliged him to converse much with the world, whether he has not found it one of his hardest trials, to stem the torrent of custom, and endure the ridicule which awaits the testimony he is bound to give in the cause of religion and virtue. Has he never been tempted to suppress that testimony, and to incur the danger of countenancing, by not opposing, contrary notions, rather than expose himself to suffer, or be obliged to resent, the contempt of those who esteemed themselves polite company—and who were really too well bred to have ridiculed his mistress, friend, or relation in his presence, though they could allow themselves to insult him on points still more interesting?

But, without formally attacking principles, the general tendency of conversation must conduce either to weaken or establish them. The more remote the cause is from the effect, the less are we on our guard against it; and the slowest method is perhaps the surest, to undermine religion and morality.

When we are told by our great Master, that “of every idle word we must give an account at the day of judgment,” it is not to be imagined that he meant to confine our common conversation to serious and important subjects, or to condemn that innocent trifling, which necessarily makes so large a part of our communication with each other: he says not, that every idle word shall be accounted a fault, but only that an account must be given of it—that it shall be examined as to the tendency of it, whether it be good or bad, and as such be placed to the account of our good or evil conduct; for there is no part of our conversation so insignificant, as not to be tinged, in some degree, by our principles and dispositions; none that has not some remote influence on the cause of virtue.

True

True religion gives an habitual sweetness and complacency, which produces genuine politeness, without injury to sincerity: it preserves the mind from every unfair bias, and inclines it to temper justice with mercy in all its judgments upon others: by regulating our self-love, it prevents our sacrificing to vanity the good fame of a fellow-creature: it casts a pleasing light on every object, and inspires an air of contentment, of thankfulness and joy, which raises the spirits, and promotes such an innocent cheerfulness of conversation, as may well compensate for the loss of that mirth which is founded on ill-nature:—whilst superstition and irreligion equally dispose the mind to gloomy and uncomfortable views; to think hardly of persons and events; to consider life as a scene of confusion, and mankind as made up of fools and knaves, who prey on each other, and aggravate the common load of misery. Under these melancholy impressions, men contrive, by attributing the best actions to selfish motives, to level all distinctions of character, and conclude the whole race
under

under one dreadful sentence; a race which the superstitious man considers as under the wrath of its maker, and as the proper subject of never-ending misery; while the infidel sees it under the less horrible, but dark and hopeless doom of annihilation: *he* perceives not a beneficent hand over-ruling the seeming disorders of this world, nor does his faint eye reach the distant prospect of immortal glory, which throws such an animating splendor on the whole scene of existence: his blessings are not heightened by gratitude, nor his sufferings mitigated by resignation; even his mirth is infected with bitterness. Whilst we laugh with Voltaire at the most heightened representation of human wickedness and misery, disregarded by Heaven, and terminating in eternal darkness, surely we must forget, that we also are men, and that this shocking scene is the poor all of existence which his gloomy philosophy allots us.

The different views of things which arise from different opinions concerning the moral government of the world, and the end of our being, cannot but affect the general
tenor

tenor of conversation even on indifferent topics : a man may shew the bent of his mind in talking of a comedy or a piece of news ; and the turn of thought he will introduce from these subjects will tend either to the improvement or corruption of his hearers.

If we accustom ourselves to reflect on the consequences of our words, and if we live under a sense of the duty of doing good to our fellow-creatures, and of forbearing to hurt them in any manner or degree, we shall soon find to how great a sum of good or evil our daily expence of idle words may amount. When we are considering what are the means of doing good entrusted to us, perhaps the sphere of conversation is seldom thought of ; yet surely it gives ample scope for the exertion of that active principle of beneficence in which true virtue consists ; and it is a sphere of action, from which no station or circumstances can exclude us : there is not a man who drinks his pot of porter at the ale-house but has somebody who looks up to his opinion, and whose manners and conduct may be influenced by his sentiments : how much then

then may be done by those whose understandings are held in any estimation among their acquaintance! “A word spoken in season, how good is it!” what a deep and lasting impression does it sometimes make especially from the lips of those whose rank, abilities, or attractions give them particular consideration. On the other hand, what diffusive evil may take its rise from a flighting word, or even from a shrug, or a smile!

A young gentleman of my acquaintance has assured me, that he never received so much benefit from any sermon he ever heard, as from a reproof which he once received in conversation from a lady, who, when he had been talking on some subject rather licentiously, said, “It is a sign you did not
“overhear what lord L—— said of you
“yesterday, or you would never utter such
“sentiments.” The gentleman, when he told it to me, added, “Whoever could be
“insensible to the keenness of this reproof,
“and the flattering politeness with which it
“was tempered, must be flayed (as they say
“of a Russian) before he could be made
“to

“to feel.” Its influence on him has probably continued to this day; for I never knew him give occasion for another reproof of the same nature.

The great and irresistible influence, which the choice of our company, as well as the mode of our own conversation, has on our habits of thinking and acting, and on the whole form and colour of our minds, is a subject too common to be much enlarged upon; it cannot, however, be too deeply considered, as it seems the leading circumstance of our lives, and that which may chiefly determine our character and condition to all eternity.

E S S A Y III.

On Enthusiasm, and Indifference in Religion.

IT is an old observation, that nothing is so difficult as to preserve the human affections in the due medium between opposite extremes. This is so remarkably true in our religious sentiments, that whoever examines

his own heart will probably be convinced, that in every part of his life, he has been led too far, either towards enthusiasm or indifference.

I remember that when I was about fifteen years old, I was charmed with many of the doctrines of the Mystics. *Disinterested love of God, contempt of ourselves, and indifference towards our own happiness*, appeared to me essential to the true spirit of religion; and such refinements on human nature were highly gratifying to my romantic turn of mind. I fancied myself exalted by these ideas to a high degree of perfection, and lamented and despised the unhappy state in which I had been before I became acquainted with these sublime religionists. But, as my reason gained strength, I discovered that there was no more reality in these my fancied sentiments than in my dreams, and that the sensations I had produced in my own heart were as entirely the effect of imagination, as the distress I felt in seeing a tragedy.

This self-delusion is common enough in many of the operations of our own minds, but perhaps in none more than in the ardors of devotion;

votion; which are often no other than the workings of a heated fancy, that, in a kind of frenzy, adds an unnatural force to our sentiments and makes us undertake flights, of which human nature in its sober state is incapable.

It is true, that we cannot possibly exceed in the measure of our love to God, to whom reason, as well as revelation, directs us to offer the best of our affections, and from whom alone we can hope for that happiness which it is our nature incessantly to desire. But we may fancy that we love him more than we *do* or *can*; and measure that love, not by the rule himself has given us—by our obedience, and by our love to our fellow-creatures;—but by the strength of those factitious feelings which we have the art of raising in ourselves, and which can naturally be excited only by the senses or the imagination. God cannot be the proper object of such feelings, since he is not present either to our senses or our imaginations. Of him we can have no idea, since all our ideas are introduced by our senses. We do indeed discover, by the deductions of reason, that
there

there must be one self-existent Being possessing all perfection: we therefore accumulate all the good we are acquainted with, ascribing it to the Deity, with no other addition than the negation of all limits or imperfection. This we call an idea of God; but it is not properly such, for we are incapable of representing to our minds at once all possible excellencies, with infinity added to them. When we would contemplate the Supreme Being, we must trace his attributes one by one; and even thus we must gather from mere mortal things, our notions of those attributes. He is therefore the object and choice of our reason, rather than of our passions: and our contemplations of his divine perfections are rather fitted to produce sentiments of gratitude and reverential love, like those we feel towards a worthy parent, than such strong desires and flaming raptures as the mystics describe; who borrow their expressions from the most sensual kind of love. This *love of desire*, as they distinguish it, they would appropriate solely to the purest of all spirits, and leave for sensible

ble objects only calm benevolence. Thus they undertake to change the nature our Maker has given us. They reject the title he has vouchsafed to take upon himself, of our *father*, and choose to style him their *spouse*, their *lover*. They profess to *feast* and *inebriate* themselves with his *charms*, whom they “neither have seen nor can see,” and of whom they can have no real idea; and to shut their hearts against the attractions of all sensible objects. They even undertake a kind of separation from themselves: they talk of self-annihilation—self-hatred—of being able to will their own eternal misery, if it should please God to will it!—in short, they enchant themselves with words void of meaning, and with suppositions which a sound mind is incapable of admitting for a moment.

That the excellent Fenelon should have adopted such irrational expressions, would be inconceivable, if we did not know that the richness and strength of such an imagination, and the warmth of such a heart as his, will naturally prevail over reason, and
hurry

hurry a man into the regions of extravagance, whenever his favourite object is in view.

But whatever absurdities may arise from the fancied ardors of enthusiasm, they are much less pernicious to the mind than the contrary extreme of coldness and indifference in religion. The spirit of chivalry, tho' it led to many romantic enterprizes, was nevertheless favourable to true courage, as it excited and nourished magnanimity and contempt of danger; which, tho' sometimes wasted in absurd undertakings, were of the greatest use on real and proper occasions. The noblest energies of which we are capable, can scarcely be called out without some degree of enthusiasm, in whatever cause we are engaged; and those sentiments, which tend to the exaltation of human nature, tho' they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will however prevent our stopping short of them, and losing, by careless indolence and self-defection, the greatest part of that strength with which we really are endued.

How

How common is it for those who profess (and perhaps sincerely) to believe with entire persuasion the truth of the gospel, to declare that they do not *pretend* to frame their lives according to the purity of its moral precepts! “I hope,” say they, “I am guilty of no *great crimes*; but the customs of the world in these times will not admit of a conduct agreeable either to reason or revelation. I know the course of life I am in is wrong; I know that I am engrossed by the world—that I have no time for reflection, nor for the practice of many duties, which I acknowledge to be such, But I know not how it is—I do not find that I *can* alter my manner of living.”—Thus they coolly and contentedly give themselves up to a constant course of dissipation, and a general *worthlessness* of character, which, I fear, is as little favourable to their happiness here or hereafter, as the occasional commission of crimes at which they would start and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is most valuable and important, of children, friends, servants—of neighbours and dependants—of the poor—
of

of God—and of their own minds, they consider as an excusable levity, and satisfy themselves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this stile:—" I can't, you know, be out of
" the world, nor act differently from every
" body in it. The hours are every where late
" —consequently I rise late. I have scarce
" breakfasted before morning visits begin—
" or 'tis time to go to an auction, or a concert—or to take a little exercise for my
" health. Dressing my hair is a long operation—but one *can't* appear with a head
" unlike every body else. One *must* sometimes go to a play, or an opera; though
" I own it hurries one to death. Then
" what with necessary visits—the perpetual
" engagements to card-parties at private
" houses—and attendance on the publick assemblies, to which all people of fashion
" subscribe, the evenings you see are fully disposed

“ disposed of. What time then can I pos-
“ sibly have for what you call domestic du-
“ ties?—You talk of the offices and enjoy-
“ ments of friendship—alas! I have no
“ hours left for friends! I must see them in
“ a croud, or not at all. As to cultivating
“ the friendship of my husband, we are very
“ civil when we meet; but we are both
“ too much engaged to spend much time
“ with each other. With regard to my
“ daughters, I have given them a French
“ governess, and proper masters—I can do
“ no more for them. You tell me I should
“ instruct my servants—but I have not time
“ to inform *myself*, much less can I under-
“ take any thing of that sort for *them*, or
“ even be able to guess what they do with
“ themselves the greatest part of the twenty-
“ four hours. I go to church, if possible,
“ once on a Sunday, and then some of my
“ servants attend me; and if they will not
“ mind what the preacher says, how can *I*
“ help it?—The management of our for-
“ tune, as far as I am concerned, I *must*
“ leave to the Steward and housekeeper;
“ for

“ for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of
“ an hour just to look over the bill of fare
“ when I am to have company, that they
“ may not send up any thing frightful or
“ old-fashioned.—As to the christian duty
“ of charity, I assure you, I am not ill-natur-
“ ed; and (considering that the great expence
“ of being always drest for company, with
“ losses at cards, subscriptions, and public
“ spectacles, leave me very little to dispose
“ of) I am ready enough to give my money
“ when I meet with a miserable object. You
“ say, I should enquire out such, inform
“ myself thoroughly of their cases, make an
“ acquaintance with the poor of my neigh-
“ bourhood in the country, and plan out
“ the best methods of relieving the unfor-
“ tunate, and assisting the industrious. But
“ this supposes much more time, and much
“ more money than I have to bestow.—I
“ have had hopes indeed that my summers
“ would have afforded me more leisure; but
“ we stay pretty late in town; then we ge-
“ nerally pass several weeks at one or other
“ of the water-drinking places, where every
moment

“ moment is spent in public : and, for the
“ few months in which we reside at our
“ own seat, our house is always full, with a
“ succession of company; to whose amuse-
“ ment one is obliged to dedicate every hour
“ of the day.”

So here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourself for eternity?—yet you believe the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Ask your own heart what rewards you deserve—or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy?—Which of those faculties or affections, which heaven can be supposed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved?—If, in that eternal world, the stores of *knowledge* should be laid open before you, have you preserved that thirst of knowledge, or that taste for truth which is now to be indulged with endless information?—If, in the society of saints and angels, the purest benevolence and most cordial *love* is to constitute your happiness, where is the heart that should enjoy this delightful intercourse of affection?—

Has

Has yours been exercised and refined to a proper capacity of it during your state of discipline, by the energies of generous friendship, by the meltings of parental fondness, or by that union of heart and soul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendship and ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love?—Alas! you scarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity. —Has your piety and gratitude to the source of all good been exercised and strengthened by constant acts of praise and thanksgiving? Was it nourished by frequent meditation, and silent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burst forth in fervent prayer?—I fear it was rather decency than devotion that carried you once a week to the place of public worship—and, for the rest of the week, your thoughts and time were so very differently filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the Universe could occur but seldom, and then, rather as an object of terror than of hope and joy. How then shall

a soul so dead to divine love, so lost to all but the most childish pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itself to a capacity of that bliss which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine presence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration?—What kind of training is the life you have passed through for such an immortality?

And dare you look down with contempt on those whom strong temptation from natural passions, or a train of unfortunate circumstances, have sunk into the commission of what you call great *crimes*?—Dare you speak peace to your own heart, because by different circumstances you have been preserved from them?—Far be it from me to wish to lessen the horror of crimes: but yet, as the temptations to these occur but seldom, whereas the temptations to neglect, and indifference towards our duty, for ever surround us, it may be necessary to awaken ourselves to some calculation of the proportions between
such

such habitual *omission* of all that is good, and the *commission* of more heinous acts of sin; between wasting our whole life in what is falsely called *innocent amusement*, and disgracing it by faults which would alarm society more, tho' possibly they might injure it less.

How amazing is the distance between the extreme of negligence and self-indulgence in such nominal christians, and the opposite excess of rigour which some have unhappily thought meritorious! between a Pascal (who dreaded the influence of pleasure so much as to wear an iron, which he pressed into his side whenever he found himself taking delight in any object of sense) and those who think life lent them only to be squandered in senseless diversions, and the frivolous indulgence of vanity!—what a strange composition is man! ever diverging from the right line—forgetting the true end of his being—or widely mistaking the means that lead to it!

If it were indeed true, that the Supreme Being had made it the condition of our future happiness, that we should spend the days of our pilgrimage here on earth in voluntary

luntary suffering and mortification, and a continual opposition to every inclination of nature, it would surely be worth while to conform even to these conditions, however rigorous : and we see, by numerous examples, that it is not more than human creatures are capable of, when fully persuaded that their eternal interests demand it. But if, in fact, the laws of God are no other than directions for the better enjoyment of our existence—if he has forbid us nothing that is not pernicious, and commanded nothing that is not highly advantageous to us—if, like a beneficent parent, he inflicts neither punishment nor constraint unnecessarily, but makes our good the end of all his injunctions—it will then appear much more extraordinary that we should perversely go on in constant and acknowledged neglect of those injunctions.

Is there a single pleasure worthy of a rational being, which is not, within certain limitations, consistent with religion and virtue?—And are not the limits, within which we are permitted to enjoy them, the same which
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are prescribed by reason and nature, and which we cannot exceed without manifest hurt to ourselves, or others?—It is not the life of a hermit, or a *Pere de la Trappe*, that is enjoined us: it is only the life of a rational being, formed for society, capable of continual improvement, and consequently of continual advancement in happiness.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are neither gloomy ascetics, nor frantic enthusiasts. They married from affection founded on long acquaintance and perfect esteem. They therefore enjoy the best pleasures of the heart in the highest degree. They concur in a rational scheme of life, which, whilst it makes them always chearful and happy, renders them the friends of human kind, and the blessing of all around them. They do not desert their station in the world, nor deny themselves the proper and moderate use of their large fortune; though that portion of it, which is appropriated to the use of others is that from which they derive their highest gratifications. They spend four or five months of every year in London, where they
keep

keep up an intercourse of hospitality and civility with many of the most respectable persons of their own, or of higher rank; but have endeavoured rather at a select than a numerous acquaintance: and as they never play at cards, this endeavour has the more easily succeeded. Three days in the week, from the hour of dinner, are given up to this intercourse with what may be called *the world*. Three more are spent in a family way, with a few intimate friends, whose tastes are conformable to their own, and with whom the book and working-table, or sometimes music, supply the intervals of useful and agreeable conversation. In these parties their children are always present, and partake of the improvement that arises from such society, or from the well-chosen pieces which are read aloud. The seventh day is always spent at home, after the due attendance on public worship; and is peculiarly appropriated to the religious instruction of their children and servants, or to other works of charity. As they keep regular hours, and rise early, and as Lady Worthy never pays, or admits morning

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visits,

visits, they have seven or eight hours in every day, free from all interruption from the world, in which the cultivation of their own minds, and those of their children, the due attention to health, to economy, and to the poor, are carried on in the most regular manner.

Thus, even in London, they contrive, without the appearance of quarrelling with the world, or of shutting themselves up from it, to pass the greatest part of their time in a reasonable and useful, as well as an agreeable manner. The rest of the year they spend at their family seat in the country, where the happy effects of their example, and of their assiduous attention to the good of all around them, are still more observable than in town. Their neighbours, their tenants, and the poor, for many miles about them, find in them a sure resource and comfort in calamity, and a ready assistance to every scheme of honest industry. The young are instructed at their expence, and under their direction, and rendered useful at the earliest period possible; the aged and the sick have every comfort administered that their state requires;

requires; the idle and dissolute are kept in awe by vigilant inspection; the quarrelsome are brought, by a sense of their own interest to live more quietly with their family and neighbours, and amicably to refer their disputes to sir Charles's decision.

This amiable pair are not less highly prized by the genteel families of their neighbourhood, who are sure of finding in their house the most polite and chearful hospitality, and in them a fund of good sense and good humour, with a constant disposition to promote every innocent pleasure. They are particularly the delight of all the young people, who consider them as their patrons and their oracles, to whom they always apply for advice and assistance in any kind of distress, or in any scheme of amusement.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are seldom without some friends in the house with them during their stay in the country; but, as their methods are known, they are never broken in upon by their guests, who do not expect to see them till dinner-time, except at

the hour of prayer and of breakfast. In their private walks or rides, they usually visit the cottages of the labouring poor, with all of whom they are personally acquainted; and by the sweetness and friendliness of their manner, as well as by their beneficent actions, they so entirely possess the hearts of these people, that they are made the confidants of all their family grievances, and the casuists to settle all their scruples of conscience or difficulties in conduct. By this method of conversing freely with them, they find out their different characters and capacities, and often discover and apply to their own benefit, as well as that of the person they distinguish, talents, which would otherwise have been for ever lost to the public.

From this slight sketch of their manner of living can it be thought that the practice of virtue costs them any great sacrifices? Do they appear to be the servants of a hard master?—It is true, they have not the amusement of gaming, nor do they curse themselves in bitterness of soul, for losing the fortune Providence had bestowed upon them: they
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are not continually in public places, nor stified in crouded assemblies; nor are their hours consumed in an insipid interchange of unmeaning chat with hundreds of fine people who are perfectly indifferent to them; but then, in return, the Being whom they serve indulges them in the best pleasures of love, of friendship, of parental and family affection, of divine beneficence, and of a piety, which chiefly consists in joyful acts of love and praise!—not to mention the delights they derive from a taste uncorrupted and still alive to natural pleasures; from the beauties of nature, and from cultivating those beauties joined with utility in the scenes around them; and, above all, from that flow of spirits, which a life of activity, and the constant exertion of right affections, naturally produce. Compare their countenances with those of the wretched slaves of *the world*, who are hourly complaining of fatigue, of listlessness, distaste, and vapours; and who, with faded cheeks and worn-out constitutions, still continue to haunt the scenes where once their

vanity found gratification, but where they now meet only with mortification and disgust: then tell me, which has chosen the happier plan, admitting for a moment that no future penalty was annexed to a wrong choice? Listen to the character that is given of Sir Charles Worthy and his lady, wherever they are named, and then tell me, whether even your idol, *the world*, is not more favourable to them than to you.

Perhaps it is vain to think of recalling those whom long habits, and the established tyranny of pride and vanity, have almost precluded from a possibility of imitating such patterns, and in whom the very desire of amendment is extinguished; but for those who are now entering on the stage of life, and who have their parts to choose, how earnestly could I wish for the spirit of persuasion—for such a “warning voice” as should make itself heard amidst all the gay bustle that surrounds them! it should cry to them without ceasing, not to be led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whither they are going—not to exchange real happiness

ness for the empty name of pleasure—not to prefer fashion to immortality—and not to fancy it possible for them to be innocent, and at the same time useless.

A LETTER to the ADVENTURER.

**The* STORY of FIDELIA.

———*Peccare docentes*

Fallax historias monet.

HOR.

To tint th' attentive mind she tries
With tales of exemplary vice.

TO the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, since I am sure the motives that induce me to give it will have as much weight with you as they have with me: I shall therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a
D 4 life,

* The Story of Fidelia made its first appearance in the Adventurer, Number 77, 78, 79.

life, which, however insignificant and unentertaining, affords a lesson of the highest importance; a lesson, the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him, a genteel post under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old; and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free liver, and perhaps for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from

from those liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition; for so he called REVEALED RELIGION. As I was urged to choose virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connection with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state, either with hope or fear: my father indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future: a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved: for I thought I could plainly discover, that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I

had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own; especially as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against CHRISTIANITY. At the age of twenty, I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; consequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helplessness of genteel life, a taste for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sufferings. In this distress a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his house, and declared he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child. When the first transports of my grief were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and

and from the natural cheerfulness of my temper, I was beginning once more to taste of happiness. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow understanding and illiberal education, was a little disgusted with me for employing so much of my time in reading; but still more so, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called blasphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise or disavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a Deist and an Atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion, that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither God nor Devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmost concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity,

pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride, in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition; and that CHRISTIANITY deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to "adorn "the doctrine" which he professed to believe.

I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me, he had just had a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in com-
pany

pany at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune, and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleasing.---“What stuff is all this!” interrupted my uncle, “sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! Ah, child, if you had less romance, conceit and arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more good than all the fine books you have confounded your poor head with, and what is worse, perhaps, ruined your poor soul. I own, it went a little against
“my

“ my conscience to accept my honest friend’s
“ kind offer, and give him such a pagan
“ for his wife. But how know I whether
“ the believing husband may not convert
“ the unbelieving wife?---As to your flighty
“ objections, they are such nonsense, that I
“ wonder you can suppose me fool enough
“ to be deceived by them. No, child ; wife
“ as you are, you cannot impose upon a
“ man who has lived as many years in the
“ world as I have. I see your motive ; you
“ have some infidel libertine rake in your
“ eye, with whom you would go headlong
“ to perdition. But I shall take care not to
“ have your soul to answer for as well as
“ your person. Either I shall dispose of
“ you to an honest man that may convert
“ you, or you shall dispose of yourself how
“ you please for me ; for I disclaim all fur-
“ ther care about you : so I leave you to
“ consider, whether or no the kindness I
“ have shewn you, intitles me to some little
“ influence over you, and whether you
“ chuse to seek protection where you can
“ find it, or accept of the happy lot
“ Providence has cut out for you.”

He

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bade me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to chuse; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me; yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness: and that those things which are generally esteemed evils, could have no power to disturb the felicity

felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risques, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man
should

should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he
said

said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curt'sy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him.

him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal which had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner! “ And what, “ in the Devil's name, my dear cousin, “ could make a woman of your sense be- “ have so like an idiot? What! forfeit all “ your hopes from your uncle, refuse an “ excellent match, and reduce yourself to “ beggary, because truly you were not in “ love? Surely one might have expected “ better from you even at fifteen. Who is “ it, pray, that marries the person of their “ choice? For my own part, who have rather a better title to please myself, with a “ good fifteen hundred a year, than you “ who have not a shilling. I found it “ would not do, and that there was something “ more to be sought after in a wife than a “ pretty face or a genius? Do you think I “ cared three farthings for the woman I “ married?

“ married? No, faith. But her thirty
“ thousand pounds were worth having;
“ with that I can purchase a seraglio of
“ beauties, and indulge my taste in every
“ kind of pleasure. And pray what is it
“ to me whether my wife has beauty, or
“ elegance, when her money will supply me
“ with all that in others? You, cousin, had
“ an opportunity of being as happy as I
“ am: the men, believe me, would not like
“ you a bit the worse for being married; on
“ the contrary, you would find, that for one
“ who took notice of you as a single wo-
“ man, twenty would be your admirers
“ and humble servants when there was no
“ danger of being taken in. Thus you might
“ have gratified all your passions, made an
“ elegant figure in life, and have chosen
“ out some gentle swain, as romantic and
“ poetical as you pleased for your Cecisbee.
“ The good John Trot husband would
“ have been easy managed, and ——”

Here my indignation could be contained no longer, and I was leaving the room in disdain; when he caught me by the hand—

“ Nay,

“ Nay, prithee, my dear cousin, none of
“ these violent airs. I thought you and I
“ had known one another better. Let the
“ poor souls, who are taught by the priests
“ and their nurses to be afraid of hell-fire,
“ and to think they shall go to the devil for
“ following nature, and making life agree-
“ able, be as outrageously virtuous as they
“ please: you have too much sense to be
“ frightened at bugbears; you know that
“ the term of our existence is but short;
“ and it is highly reasonable to make it as
“ pleasant as possible.” — I was too angry to
“ attempt confuting his arguments; but
“ bursting from his hold, told him, I would
take care not to give him a second opportu-
nity of insulting my distress, and affronting
my understanding; and so left his house
with a resolution never to enter it again.

(70)

The Story of FIDELIA continued.

— *Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

Juv.

— Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

I WENT home mortified and disappointed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to stir out of my lodging, or to see a human face. At length I resolved to try, whether indigence and friendship were really incompatible, and whether I should meet with the same treatment from a female friend, whose affection had been the principal pleasure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whose heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderness will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praises, and

and endearments will compensate all my hardships. Amanda was a single woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard she was going to bestow on a young officer, who had little or nothing besides his commission. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refusing a mercenary match, since she herself had chosen from motives so opposite to those which are called prudent. She had been in the country some months, so that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myself related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and answered me with politeness enough, but with a coldness that chilled my very heart. “ You are
“ sensible, my dear Fidelia,” said she, “ that
“ I never pretended to set my understanding
“ in competition with yours. I knew my
“ own inferiority; and though many of your
“ notions and opinions appeared to me very
“ strange and particular, I never attempted
“ to dispute them with you. To be sure,
“ you know best; but it seems to me a very
“ odd conduct for one in your situation to
“ give offence to so good an uncle; first by
“ maintaining

“ maintaining doctrines which may be very
“ true for ought I know, but which are ve-
“ ry contrary to the received opinions we
“ are brought up in, and therefore are apt
“ to shock a common understanding; and
“ secondly, to renounce his protection, and
“ throw yourself into the wide world, rather
“ than marry the man he chose for you;
“ to whom, after all, I do not find you had
“ any real objection, nor any antipathy for
“ his person.”—Antipathy, my dear! said
I; are there not many degrees between
loving and honouring a man preferably to
all others, and beholding him with abhor-
rence and aversion? The first is, in my opi-
nion, the duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily
taken upon herself, and engaged in under the
most solemn contract. As to the difficulties
that may attend my friendless, unprovided
state, since they are the consequences of a
virtuous action, they cannot really be evils,
nor can they disturb that happiness which is
the gift of virtue. “ I am heartily glad,”
answered she, “ that you have found the art
“ of making yourself happy by the force
of

“ of imagination ! I wish your enthusiasm
“ may continue ; and that you may still be
“ further convinced, by your own expe-
“ rience, of the folly of mankind, in sup-
“ posing poverty and disgrace to be evils.”

I was cut to the soul by the unkind manner which accompanied this sarcasm, and was going to remonstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who, in spite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his address, and the elegance of his compliments soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend's judgment, by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest ; her face brightened, and her

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good

her good humour returned. When I rose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to show every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arisen there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropt hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments, and unhappy situation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, listened greedily to all that was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings: I strongly refused

refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pain suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meanness of my abode. To avoid this, I sent for a chair; but was confused to find, that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute; he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when after all this parade, he handed me in at the little shop door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence;

the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almost reasoned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: at least the philosopher's schemes and wishes were
very

very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thought of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice: He entreated me to add

dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him by saying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman, and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented such offers of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experienced friendship; that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which nevertheless in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his sex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, and imploring on his knees and even with tears, that I would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough
to

to persevere in refusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers and protestations, that it was sometime before I could recal my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that consciousness would make me happy ; but I found it otherwise ; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of ; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freeloze. I was discontented and unhappy, but surprised and disappointed to

find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with ; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolved, however, to try still farther the power of virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse : every day produced either some new attempt to see me, or a letter full of the most passionate protestations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him ; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surprised into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and, in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the SOVEREIGN RULER of all things for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge: I compared my own situation with that of my libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire, whose house was the seat of plenty, mirth and delight, whose face was ever covered with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. Is not this man, said I, happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends?

Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inclination ? Yet what is the compensation she offers me ? What are my prospects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment and grief ? Every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered ! Are these the blessings with which HEAVEN distinguishes its favourites ? Can the KING OF HEAVEN want power or will to distinguish them ? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice ? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than that of the vicious ? I my self have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness ? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow ? Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence ? Will not his liberal hand pour forth
the

the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me; Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing PROVIDENCE of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue; it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkness? but I see another that is strowed with flowers, and bright with the sunshine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither then let me turn my weary steps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend GOD, by yielding

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ing to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to chuse the first, and avoid the last. I sought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not: shall I not try the other experiment, since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity—the talismans of TRUTH, by which I should be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen without danger to the syrens of temptation—when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir
George

George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to discribe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation : suffice it that I submit to the humiliation I have so well deserved, and tell you that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience, which would yet have warned me from ruin ; that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry ; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures

fures which I could not taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination : the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery ! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake I was become contemptible to myself.

The Story of FIDELIA concluded.

*Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens: sibi qui imperiosus;
 Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
 Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
 Fortis, et in seipso totus: teres atque rotundus,
 Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari.*

HOR.

Who then is free?—The wise, who well maintains
 An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,
 Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;
 Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
 Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;
 Firm in himself who on himself relies;
 Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
 And breaks misfortune with superior force. FRANCIS.

THIS was the state of my mind during
 a year which I passed in Sir George's
 house. His fondness was unabated for
 eight months of the time; and as I had no
 other object to share my attention, neither
 friend nor relation to call off any part of my
 tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally
 affectionate

affectionate centered in him. The first dawnings of unkindness were but too visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him ; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned, with scorn which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings : but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver

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ver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuse the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopt at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paultry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my cloaths, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having

ing walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish and despair, returned together ! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind ; but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: poverty attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was before my eyes. I who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised
and

and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved ! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all !

I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity : conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress, I was neither sustained by the consciousness of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward : whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the Supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, who, though he gave me not sufficient

cient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. If there is a God, cried I, he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeservedly miserable, either from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation in which all my prospects terminate. Take back, said I, lifting my eyes to heaven, the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery.

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity, and benevolence, asked what I was about to do? At first I was sullen, and refused to answer him; but by degrees the compassion he showed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

“O! Madam,” said he, “these are gracious signs, and unlike those which first
“drew

“ drew my attention, and made me watch
“ you unobserved, fearing, some fatal pur-
“ pose in your mind. What must be the
“ thoughts which could make a face like
“ your’s appear the picture of horror? I was
“ taking my morning walk, and have seen
“ you a considerable time; sometimes stop-
“ ping and wringing your hands, sometimes
“ quickening your pace, and sometimes
“ walking slow with your eyes fixed on the
“ ground, till you raised them to heaven,
“ with looks not of supplication and piety,
“ but rather of accusation and defiance. For
“ pity tell me how is it that you have quar-
“ relled with yourself, with life, nay even
“ with HEAVEN? Recal your reason and
“ your hope, and let this seasonable preven-
“ tion of your fatal purpose be an earnest to
“ you of good things to come; of GOD’s
“ mercy not yet alienated from you, and
“ stooping from his throne to save your
“ soul from perdition.”

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief, that I found myself able to speak, and
desirous

desirous to express my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising comfort and pleasure from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the DIVINE PROVIDENCE; and stopping me short told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a chearful placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to
take

take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. "This poor lady," said he, "from the fault of her education and principles, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses PROVIDENCE, and hates her existence, for those evils, which are the common lot of mankind in this short state of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience; and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better."

"Indeed, my dear madam," said she, "that is the only advantage I have over you; but that indeed outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the grave my only son, the
" survivor

“survivor of eight children, who were all
“equally the objects of my fondest love.
“My heart is no less tender than your own,
“nor my affections less warm. For a whole
“year before the death of my last darling,
“I watched the fatal progress of his disease,
“and saw him suffer the most amazing pains.
“Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to
“which you could not submit, wanting to
“my trials. Though my husband is by his
“profession a gentleman, his income is so
“small, that I and my children have often
“wanted necessaries: and though I had al-
“ways a weakly constitution, I have helped
“to support my family by the labour of my
“own hands. At this time I am consum-
“ing by daily tortures, with a cancer,
“which must shortly be my death. My
“pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by
“proper assistance, though nothing could
“preserve my life; but I have not the means
“to obtain that assistance.”—O hold, in-
terrupted I, my soul is shocked at the
enumeration of such intolerable sufferings.
How is it that you support them? Why do

I not

I not see you in despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put yourself out of the reach of torment? But above all, tell me how it is possible for you to preserve, amidst such complicated misery, that appearance of cheerfulness and serene complacency which shines so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?

“That cheerfulness and complacency,” answered the good woman, “I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest hopes can give.” And whence, said I, do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty and death? She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a BIBLE, which she put into my hands. “See there,” said she, “the volume in which I learn this art, Here I am taught, that everlasting glory is in store for all who will accept it upon the terms which INFINITE PERFECTION
F “has

“ has prescribed ; here I am promised consolation, assistance, and support, from the LORD OF LIFE ; and here I am assured that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point, beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected ? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy ? ”

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted

cepted their offer. Here, with the assistance of the Clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the HOLY SCRIPTURES, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she shewed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of
F 2 hope.

hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of extasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the SACRED WRITINGS, "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield; appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, CHRISTIANITY has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a CHRISTIAN, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust: but the full assurances, that are given me by the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, of the DIVINE pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit,
and

and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of enquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the SACRED ORACLES of GOD; tell them these amazing effects of the power of CHRISTIANITY; tell them this truth, which experience has taught me, that "Though VICE is constantly attended by misery, VIRTUE itself cannot confer happiness in this world, except it is animated with the hopes of eternal bliss. in the world to come." I am, &c.

FIDELIA.

F 3 POEMS.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED



P O E M S.

Written during a violent Storm at Midnight.

1749.

IN gloomy pomp whilst awful Midnight reigns,
And wide o'er earth her mournful mantle spreads,
Whilst deep-voic'd thunders threaten guilty heads,
And rushing torrents drown the frightened plains,
And quick-glanced lightnings, to my dazzled sight
Betray the double horrors of the night;

A solemn stillness creeps upon my soul,
And all its pow'rs in deep attention die;
My heart forgets to beat; my stedfast eye
Catches the flying gleam; the distant roll,
Advancing gradual, swells upon my ear
With louder peals, more dreadful as more near.

Awake, my soul, from thy forgetful trance !
The storm calls loud, and Meditation wakes ;
How at the sound pale Superstition shakes,
Whilst all her train of frantic Fears advance !
Children of Darkness, hence ! fly far from me !
And dwell with Guilt and Infidelity !

But come, with look composed and sober pace,
Calm Contemplation, come ! and hither lead
Devotion, that on earth disdains to tread ;
Her inward flame illumines her glowing face,
Her upcast eye, and spreading wings, prepare
Her flight for heav'n, to find her treasure there.

She sees, enraptur'd, thro' the thickest gloom,
Celestial beauty beam, and, midst the howl
Of warring winds, sweet music charms her soul ;
She sees, while rifted oaks in flames consume,
A Father-God, that o'er the storm presides,
Threatens, to save, and loves, when most he chides.

Occasioned

Occasioned by reading

Sonnets written in the Stile and Manner of
Spenser, by T. EDWARDS, Esq;

1749.

BLEST Bard! to whom the Muses, grateful, gave
That pipe which erst their dearest Spenser won,
As once they found thee, pensive and alone,
Strewing sweet flowers upon his hallow'd grave;
Then bad thy fancy glow with sacred fire,
And softest airs thy rural verse inspire.

Again the elfin Faies and Sylphids come,
At dusky eve, or in the moon-light pale,
To the accustom'd mead, or shadowy dale,
Or where the wild wood sheds a browner gloom,
Where oft, unseen, they listen'd to the lay
Of their loved Colin-clout, till peep of day.

Once more they listen, while with mimic hand
Thou tun'st his rustic reed; and oft their feet,
Charm'd by thy simple verse and music sweet,
Forget the dance, and all in silence stand;
They hush the breeze, and chide the brook to peace,
And Philomel is mute till Damon cease.

But most thy strains my raptur'd spirits raise,
 When love of virtue prompts thy tuneful tongue;
 When Richardson's lov'd name adorns thy song,
 What honest heart but echoes back thy praise!
 Sing on, sweet bard! prolong the darling theme!
 Hush'd be the breeze, and mute the babbling stream!

Fain would I, shepherd, catch the pleasing note,
 And vainly try to learn thy wond'rous skill;
 So the young linnet, when with varied trill
 The Woodlark shakes his wildly-warbling throat,
 Delighted, flutters quick her trembling wing,
 Tries her weak voice, and twitt'ring, aims to sing.

Sonnet to Miss MULSO,

In Answer to the foregoing.

By T. EDWARDS, Esq;

SWEET Linnet, who from off the laurel spray
 That hangs o'er Spenser's ever sacred tomb,
 Pour'st out such notes as strike the Woodlark dumb,
 And vie with Philomel's enchanting lay;

How

How shall my verse thy melody repay ?
If my weak voice could reach the age to come,
Like Colin Clout's, thy name should ever bloom
Through future times, unconscious of decay :

But my frail aid thy merits not require ;
Thee Polyhymnia, in the roseate bow'rs
Of high Parnassus, 'midst the vocal throng
Shall glad receive, and to her tuneful fire
Present, where, crown'd with amarantine flow'rs,
The raptur'd choir shall listen to thy song.

To Health.

O Health! thou friend of Nature! Goddess blythe,
That oft upon the Uplands bleak art seen,
Printing with nimble step the dewy green,
To help the early mower whet his scythe,
Or with the jocund swain partake the toil
To press the plough, and break the stubborn soil ;
Ah, wherefore dost thou fly me, nymph divine ?
With Youth and Innocence thou lov'st to dwell,
And gentle Peace, soft whisp'ring, " all is well !"
Youth, Innocence, and gentle Peace are mine ;
Nor sacred Friendship to my heart denies
Her richest treasures, and her sweetest joys.

No

No boist'rous passion shook my troubled frame,
To fright thee from my breast, nor pining Care,
Nor rankling Envy ever fester'd there,
Nor did Intemp'rance e'er my blood inflame;
And Grief, tho' long an inmate of my mind,
To Hope and Chearfulness her place resign'd.

O Health, thy Napier calls, well-skill'd to save,
Foe of thy foes, and friend of human race,
Whose potent hand the tyrant Pain can chase,
And pale Disease, that points an op'ning grave;
Nor thou, ungrateful, can'st to him deny,
Thy glad return, fresh source of springing joy!

Without thee, Virtue's self forgets to smile,
And suffering saints with heav'n in view complain;
Philosophy, and Stoic pride how vain,
To stifle anguish, or the sense beguile!
Yet thou art often to the good unkind,
Like Fortune partial, and to merit blind.

Hast thou not left a Richardson unblest?
He woos thee still in vain, relentless maid!
Tho' skill'd in sweetest accents to persuade,
And wake soft Pity in a savage breast.
Him virtue loves, and brightest Fame is his,
Smile thou too, Goddess and complete his bliss!

But

But if regardless thou can'st hear him sigh,
Shall I not silence my presumptuous plea !
To him obdurate, wilt thou yield to me ?
Ah no !—to thee, mild Patience, I'll apply,
Affliction's nurse ! hear thou my humbler pray'r,
And teach, the ills I may not shun, to bear !

To a Robin-Redbreast.

DEAR social bird ! that giv'st with fearless love
Thy tender form to man's protecting care,
Pleas'd, when rude tempests vex the ruffled air,
For the warm roof to leave the naked grove ;

Kindest and last of Summer's tuneful train ?
Ah ! do not yet give o'er thy plaintive lay ;
But charm soft Zephyr to a longer stay,
And oft renew thy sweetly parting strain.

So when rough Winter frowns with brow severe,
And chilling blasts shall strip the shelt'ring trees,
When meagre Want thy shiv'ring frame shall seize,
And Death, with dart uplifted, hover near,
My grateful hand the lib'ral crumbs shall give,
My bosom warm thee, and my kifs revive.

To

To Stella.

NO more, my Stella, to the sighing shades,
Of blasted hope and luckless love complain;
But join the sports of Dian's careless maids,
And laughing Liberty's triumphant train.

And see with these is holy Friendship found,
With chrystal bosom open to the sight;
Her gentle hand shall close the recent wound,
And fill the vacant heart with calm delight.

Nor Prudence slow, that ever comes too late,
Nor stern-brow'd Duty, check her gen'rous flame;
On all her footsteps Peace and Honour wait,
And Slander's ready tongue reveres her name.

Say, Stella, what is Love, whose tyrant pow'r
Robs Virtue of content and Youth of joy?
What nymph or goddess, in a fatal hour,
Gave to the world this mischief-making boy?

By lying bards in forms so various shewn,
Deck'd with false charms or arm'd with terrors vain,
Who shall his real properties make known,
Declare his nature, and his birth explain?

Some

Some say, of Idleness and Pleasure bred,
The smiling babe on beds of roses lay,
There, with sweet honey-dews by Fancy fed,
His blooming beauties open'd to the day.

His wanton head with fading chaplets bound,
Dancing, he leads his silly vot'ries on
To precipices deep o'er faithless ground,
Then laughing flies, nor hears their fruitless moan.

Some say from Etna's burning entrails torn,
More fierce than tygers on the Libyan plain,
Begot in tempests, and in thunders born,
Love widely rages like the foaming main.

With darts and flames some arm his feeble hands,
His infant brow with regal honours crown;
Whilst vanquish'd Reason, bound with silken bands,
Meekly submissive, falls before his throne.

Each fabling poet sure alike mistakes
The gentle pow'r that reigns o'er tender hearts!
Soft Love no tempest hurls, nor thunder shakes,
Nor lifts the flaming torch, nor poison'd darts.

Heav'n-born, the brightest seraph of the sky,
For Eden's bow'r he left his blissful seat,
When Adam's blameless suit was heard on high,
And beauteous Eve first chear'd his lone retreat.

At

At Love's approach all earth rejoic'd, each hill,
Each grove that learnt it from the whisp'ring gale;
Joyous the birds their liveliest chorus fill,
And richer fragrance breathes in ev'ry vale.

Well pleased in paradise awhile he roves,
With Innocence and Friendship hand in hand;
Till Sin found entrance in the with'ring groves,
And frighted Innocence forsook the land.

But Love, still faithful to the guilty pair,
With them was driv'n amidst a world of woes,
Where oft he mourns his lost companion dear,
And trembling flies before his rigid foes.

Honour, in burnish'd steel completely clad,
And hoary Wisdom, oft against him arm;
Suspicion pale, and Disappointment sad,
Vain Hopes and frantic Fears his heart alarm.

Fly then, dear Stella, fly th' unequal strife, (Love!
Since Fate forbids that Peace should dwell with
Friendship's calm joys shall glad thy future life,
And Virtue lead to endless bliss above.

To

To Aspasia.

In Answer to the foregoing,

By * Miss H*****.

WISDOM, Aspasia, by thy gentle muse,
Warns me to shun the dang'rous paths of
And rather those of sober Friendship choose (Love,
With chearful Liberty in Dian's grove.

Yet, led by Fancy through deceitful ground,
Oft have I Friendship sought, but sought in vain;
Unfaithful friends with myrtle wreaths I crown'd,
Unpleasing subjects of my plaintive strain.

In youthful innocence, a school-day friend
First gain'd my sister-vows; unhappy maid!
How did I wipe thy tears, thy griefs attend,
And how was all my tenderness repaid!

* Now Mrs. D———, to whose kindness Mrs. Chapone
is indebted for the liberty of inserting here this elegant Answer
to the Ode to Stella.

No

No sooner Grandeur, Love, and Fortune smiled,
Than base Ingratitude thy heart betrays,
That friend forgot, who all thy woes beguiled,
Lost in the sun-shine of thy prosperous days.

Save me, kind Heav'n, from smiling Fortune's power!
And may my wishes never meet success,
If e'er I can forget one single hour,
The friend who gave me comfort in distress!

Yet Friendship's influence I again implored,
To heal the wounds by Disappointment made;
Friendship my soul to balmy Peace restored,
And sent a gentle virgin to my aid.

Soft, modest, pensive, melancholy Fair,
She seem'd to Love and pining Grief-a prey;
I saw her fading cheek, and feared Despair
Fed on her heart and stole her life away.

But ah! how chang'd my friend! how vain my fears!
Not Death, but Hymen stole her from my heart;
Another love dispell'd her sighs and tears,
And Fame was left the secret to impart.

Not twice the changing moon her course had run,
Since first the pleasing youth was seen and loved,
The Fair in secret haste he woo'd and won,
No friend consulted, for no friend approved.

Suspence

Suspence not long my anxious bosom pain'd,
My friend arrived, I clasp'd her to my breast,
I wept, I smiled, alternate passions reign'd,
Till she the sad unwelcome tale confess'd.

Lost to her brother, country, and to me,
A Stranger wafts her to a foreign shore,
She travels mountains, and defies the sea,
Nor thinks of Albion or of Stella more.

Sure nature in her weakest, softest mould, (prey!
Form'd my unhappy heart, False-Friendship's
Another story yet remains untold,
Which fond Compassion bids me not display;

The lovely sister of a faithless friend
Weeping intreats me spare the recent tale;
Her sighs I hear, her wishes I attend,
And o'er her sister's failings draw the veil.

This my success in search of Friendship's grove,
Where Liberty and Peace I hoped to find,
And soften'd thus with grief, deceitful Love,
In Friendship's borrow'd garb, attack'd my mind!

No passion raging like the roaring main,
But calm and gentle as a summer sea,
Meek Modesty and Virtue in his train,
What Friendship ought, true Love appear'd to be.

But

But soon was chang'd, alas! the pleasing scene,
Soon threat'ning storms my timid heart alarm'd;
And Love no more appear'd with brow serene,
But cloath'd in terrors, and with dangers arm'd.

From these enchanted bow'rs my steps I turn,
And seek from Prudence, safety and repose;
Her rigid lessons I resolve to learn,
And gain that bliss which self-approof bestows.

Thus, dear Aspasia, my unhappy fate,
My heart's first darling schemes all blasted, see;
Yet now my bosom glows with hope elate,
Fair Friendship's blessings still to find with thee.

By thee conducted to the realms of Peace,
No more in plaintive strains the muse shall sing,
Henceforth with hymns of praise, and grateful bliss,
The groves shall eccho, and the valleys ring.

† To Peace.

Written during the late Rebellion, 1745.

Return, sweet Peace! Ah whither art thou flown?
How art thou frightened from this wretched land!
Which once it pleased thee to protect and own,
How great! how blest! beneath thy mild command.

Fair child of holy Love! companion dear
Of meek Content, and smiling Innocence!
Oh! if thy gentle eyes such sight can bear,
Of Britain's sons behold the dire offence!

Behold sad Caledonia's horrid plain,
What hellish fury fires the shouting bands!
Ah see! with brother's blood their swords they stain;
Ye weeping angels, hold their murd'rous hands!

Thy banks, fair Tweed! were wont to eccho sweet
The lover's wailing, and the lover's song;
Or, to the jocund pipe, the founding feet
Of blithest lads, thy bonny berks among:

Now

† This was at a very early age, and was the author's first poetical attempt.

Now bright arm'd hosts thy pleasant banks invade,
 And fright thy helpless villages around ;
 Thy shepherds leave their flocks, and fly dismay'd;
 With war's harsh din the distant rocks resound.

Th' industrious merchant's ever-anxious mind,
 Opprest with care, his treasure lost deplores ;
 Yet curses he nor treach'rous seas, nor wind,
 Nor pointed rocks unseen, nor craggy shores ;

But thee he curses, oh thou most accurst !
 Offspring of mad Ambition ! cruel War !
 Go reign in hell, be there supremely worst,
 The blackest, most malignant demon far !

Whether remote in twilight shades you sleep,
 Mild Peace ! or chuse in cottage low to dwell ;
 Or won by pray'r, and nurs'd in silence deep,
 Hide your fair form within the hermit's cell ;

Oh let Britannia's griefs thy pity move ;
 Return ! and with thee bring a beauteous train ;
 Plenty, and Order, Piety, and Love,
 And Art, and Science, wait thy blissful reign.

Ah turn ! let thy majestic look serene
 Check the wild rage of thy presumptuous foes :
 Thy beamy smile shall calm the troubled scene,
 Cheer my sad heart, and heal my country's woes.

To Solitude.

THOU gentle nurse of pleasing woe !
To thee, from crowds and noise and show,
With eager haste I fly.
Thrice welcome, friendly solitude !
O let no busy foot intrude,
Nor list'ning ear be nigh !

Soft, silent, melancholy maid !
With thee to yon sequester'd shade
My pensive steps I bend ;
Still, at the mild approach of night,
When Cynthia lends her sober light,
Do thou my walk attend !

To thee alone my conscious heart
Its tender sorrow dares impart,
And ease my lab'ring breast ;
To thee I trust the rising sigh,
And bid the tear that swells mine eye
No longer be suppress.

With thee among the haunted groves
The lovely forc'refs Fancy roves,
O Let me find her here !
For she can time and space controul,
And swift transport my fleeting soul
To all it holds most dear !

Ah

Ah no!—ye vain delusions hence !
 No more the hallow'd influence
 Of Solitude pervert !
 Shall Fancy cheat the precious hour,
 Sacred to Wisdom's awful pow'r
 And calm Reflection's part ?

O Wisdom! from the sea-beat shore
 Where, list'ning to the solemn roar,
 Thy lov'd * Eliza strays,
 Vouchsafe to visit my retreat,
 And teach my erring, trembling feet
 Thy heav'n-protected ways !

Oh guide me to the humble cell
 Where Resignation loves to dwell,
 Contentment's bow'r in view.
 Nor pining Grief with Absence drear,
 Nor sick Suspense, nor anxious Fear,
 Shall there my steps pursue.

There let my soul to *him* aspire
 Whom none e'er fought with vain desire,
 Nor lov'd in sad despair !
 There, to his gracious will divine
 My dearest, fondest hope resign,
 And all my tend'rest care !

Then

* Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, a lady well known to the literary world, author of a beautiful Ode to Wisdom.

Then Peace shall heal the wounded breast,
 That pants to see another blest,
 From selfish passion pure ;
 Peace which when human wishes rise
 Intense, for aught beneath the skies,
 Can never be secure.

To Winter.

HAIL WINTER ! venerable sage !
 Whose provident and sparing age
 In lean and naked poverty appears,
 Whilst all thy treasure thou dost hide,
 Lock'd in some mountain's hollow side,
 With future blessings to enrich thy heirs.

First, youthful SPRING, fantastic maid,
 In green embroidered robe array'd,
 Thy store with all her gay attire supplies :
 Enrich'd by thee, she flings her sweets
 With lavish hand on all she meets,
 " Her bells and flow'rets of a thousand dyes."

The fertile earth, with softening rain
 By thee prepared, to ev'ry grain
 A safe retreat within her bosom yields:
 Thy snowy mantle covers o'er,
 With kindly warmth, the golden store
 The SUMMER pours on Ceres' waving fields.

Pomona's trees their nourish'd root,
 Their folded bud, and infant shoot,

Owe to thy cautious age and patient care :
 With riches gather'd from thy hoard
 Pale AUTUMN's plenteous horn is stored,
 That may with SUMMER's boasted sheaves compare.

What tho' thy rigid hand refuse
 One wreath to crown my vent'rous muse,
 One flow'r to grace my unadorned lays,
 Yet love shall tune my grateful voice,
 Nor shall my thankless heart rejoice
 In silent bliss, unmindful of thy praise.

Rescued by thee from gloomy fears,
 From restless wishes, anxious cares,
 And all the sorrows that on Absence wait,
 By thee restored to ev'ry joy
 That tender Friendship can supply,
 To all my fondest pray'rs had ask'd of Fate ;

Shall not my reed be tuned for thee,
 'Thou friend of sweet Society ?
 Patron of rational serene delights !
 Welcome thy keen enliv'ning frost !
 Thy doubtful days in twilight lost !
 Welcome thy long-protracted social nights !

Tho' FANCY flies thy sullen reign,
 And ev'ry Muse forsakes the plain,
 Nor haunts the leafless grove, nor ice-bound stream,
 PHILOSOPHY and REASON view
 Thy hoary head with reverence due,
 And bid thy horrors raise their solemn theme.

Well pleased, thy hollow voice they hear
Among the naked branches drear,
Or through the vaulted cavern bellowing loud;
Or listen studious to the sound
Of rushing waters, pouring round,
From the black bosom of th' impending cloud.

Thee glad DEVOTION's heav'n-taught lays
Shall welcome! She, with constant praise,
Meets each appointment of great Nature's King.
Thy dear return with blessings fraught,
Shall ever wake my grateful thought,
And annual off'rings to thy fane I'll bring.

L'Estate. Metastasio.

O R che niega i doni suoi
La stagion de' fiori amica,
Cinta il crin di bionda spica

Volge a noi

L'Estate il pie ;

E già sotto al raggio ardente

Così bollono Parene

Che alla barbara Cirene

Più cocente

Il sol non è.

Più non anno i primi albori

Le lor gelide rugiade,

Più dal ciel pioggia non cade

Che ristori

E l'erba e'l fior ;

Alimento il fonte il rio

Al terren più non comparte,

Che si fende in ogni parte

Per desio

Di nuovo umor.

Polveroso al sole in faccia

Si scolora il verde faggio

Che di frondi al nuovo Maggio

Le sue braccia

Rivesti.

Summer. From Metastasio.

FAREWELL, mild Spring ! farewell each early flow'r
On the soft bank or verdant meadow born !
SUMMER advances to assert her pow'r,
Her yellow tresses crown'd with ears of corn.

The streams decrease beneath the solar ray,
Shrink from its rage, and leave the burning sand ;
Not more oppressive beams, the raging day
Points on the parch'd Cirene's barb'rous land.

No more the Morning sheds her frosty dews,
While no rude winds her gentle hours disturb ;
Nor fruitful rain from equal heav'n renews
Each beauteous flow'ret and salubrious herb.

No more the fountain, or the wand'ring stream,
Pours its abundance o'er th' irriguous plain ;
Earth gapes beneath the sun's relentless beam,
And vainly asks the cool refreshing rain.

Discolour'd, dry, the tall majestic beech,
That MAY had freshly clothed in vivid green,
And bade his broad arms, wide projected, reach,
The pride, the glory of the sylvan scene,

Ed ingrato al fuol natio
Fuor del tronco ombra non stende
Nè dal sol l'acque difende
Di quel rio
Che lo nutri.

Molle il volto, il sen bagnato
Dorme steso in strana guisa
Su la messe già recisa
L'affanato
Mietitor :
E con man pietosa e pronte
Va tergendagli la bella
Amorosa villanella
Della fronte
Il suo sudor.

Là su l'arido terreno
Scemo il Can d'ogni vigore
Langue accanto al suo signore
Enéni meno
Osa latrar ;
Ma tramanda al seno oppresso
Per le fauci inaridite
Nuove sempre aure gradite
Con lo spesso
Respirar.

Quel

Withers, ungrateful to its native ground,
And scarce beyond the trunk its shadows spread ;
No sheltering leaves protect with coolness round
The friendly rill that long its branches fed.

His face and bosom bathed in honest sweat,
The weary reaper throws him careless down,
Stretch'd on the swarth, and, thro' the mid-day heat,
Sleeps on the harvest that his labours crown :

Whilst, with a ready and a tender hand,
The village-maid, to love and Corin true,
Intent and silent takes her careful stand,
And from his forehead wipes the trickling dew.

On the scorched ground, near his loved master, lies
The panting Dog, whose clammy jaws now fail
To give the watchful bark, and oft he tries,
With quick short breath, to catch the grateful gale.

Quel Torel ch'innamorava
Del suo ardir ninfe e pastori
Se ne tronchi degli allori
S'avezzava
A benferir,
Del ruscello or su le sponde
Lento giace, e mugge, e guata
La giovenca innamorata
Che risponde
Al suo mugir.

Per timor del caldo raggio
L'augellin non batte l'ale,
Alle stridule cicale
Cede il faggio
L'usignol.
Mostran gia spoglie novelle
Le macchiate antiche Serpi
Che ravalte a' nudi sterpi
Si fan belle
In faccia al sol.

Al calor del lungo giorno
Senton là ne' falsi umori
Anche i muti abitatori
Che il soggiorno
Intiepidi :
E dà loro antri muscosi
Piu non van scorrendo il mare
Ma fra sassi e l'alghe amare
Stanno ascosi
A' rai del di.

Pur

The youthful Bull, whom oft the rustic swain
With wonder saw exert his dauntless might,
No more, with butting forehead, rules the plain,
Nor wounds the bending trees in mimic fight.

Laid on the margin of the scanty rill,
Lowling, he watches his lov'd Heifer near;
Whose fain responsive moans no longer fill
Heav'n's echoing vault, but feebly strike the ear.

No more with nimble wing the feather'd race
In the fierce eyes of day advent'rous tow'r;
The Nightingale resigns her ruin'd sprays,
And noisy Grasshoppers usurp the bow'r.

But the sleek Serpents, by the genial fires
Reviv'd, desert their faded sloughs, and bold,
Round the bare branch weaving their agile spires,
Blaze to the sun in renovated gold.

The mute inhabitants that coolly play,
And in their native briny waters lave,
Feel the long rigours of the Summer's day,
And dread the changes of the tepid wave.

Near the hot surface they forbear to glide,
In mossy caves or coral grottos laid
Beneath the dark projecting rocks they hide,
Or where the bitter sea-weed lends its shade

Pur l'Estate tormentosa,
S'io rimira, amate Fille,
Le tue placide pupille,
Si penosa
A me non é :
Mi conduca il cieco Dio
Fra' Numidi, o al Mar gelato,
Io farò sempre beato,
Idol mio,
Vicino a te.

Benché adusta abbia la fronte
Con le curve opposte spalle,
Una ombrosa opaca valle
Cela il monte
Al caldo sol :
La dall' alto in giù cadendo
Serpe un rio limpido e vago
Che raccolto in picciol lago
Va nutrendo
Il verde fuol.

La dal sol dubbia e la luce
Come fuol notturna luna,
Ne pastor greggia importuna
Vi conduce
A pascolar :
E se v'entra il sol furtiva,
Vedi l'ombra delle piante
Al variar d'aura inconstante
Dentro il rivo
Tremolar.

Yet will not I deplore the painful heat,
Tho' SUMMER drives her burning car so nigh,
When my fond looks my lovely Phillis greet,
And the soft languish of her modest eye.

Lead me, blind God, if such thy wild decree,
To Afric's sands with ceaseless heats oppress'd,
Or where cold Zembla views her frozen sea,
Sure, if with thee, my fairest, to be blest.

And see, my love, beneath that mountain's height,
That bares its shoulder to the burning skies,
Cool, and protected from oppressive light,
Form'd for retreat, the shady valley lies.

There down the rocks the winding riv'lets flow,
Thro' shaggy brakes their limpid streams are seen,
Which, gather'd in the chrystal lake below,
Nourish the fertile vale's perennial green.

There the sun's doubtful light, attemper'd, shews
Like the mild lustre of the nightly moon;
No shepherd the sequester'd shelter knows,
Nor thither leads th' intruding flock at noon.

Should through the gloom the stealthy sun prevail,
See from his ray the scene new beauties take;
The margin plants, mov'd by the varying gale,
Reflected wave along the trembling lake.

Lá mia vita, uniti andiamo,
Lá cantando il di s'inganni :
Per timor di nuovi affanni

Non lasciamo
Di gioir ;
Che radoppia i suoi tormenti
Chi con occhio mal sicuro
Fra la nebbia del futuro
Va gli eventi
A prevenir.

Me non sdegni il biondo Dio,
Me con Fille unisca amore,
E poi sfoghi il suo rigore

Fato rio
Nemico ciel.
Che il desio non mi tormenta
O di fasto o di ricchezza,
Ne d'incomodo vecchiezza

Mi spaventa
Il pigro giel.

Curvo il tergo, e bianco il mento,
Toccarò le corde usate
E alle corde mal temprate

Roco accento
Accoppierò :
E a quei rai non piu vivaci
Rivolgendomi talora
Su la man che m'innamora

Fredi baci
Imprimerò.

In that sweet spot together let us live ;
The tedious day shall hasten while we sing ;
Content and joy the present hour shall give,
And hide the ills futurity may bring :

For woes on woes that anxious wretch pursue,
And on his soul fantastic terrors croud,
Who dares with eye distrustful stretch his view
Where Fate has spread her providential cloud.

Let but the fair-hair'd God confirm my state,
In filken bands to my lov'd Phillis led,
Let adverse seasons then and cruel Fate
Exhaust their rigours on my patient head.

For me nor wealth, nor glitt'ring pomp allure,
Their specious charms no more my heart engage,
Nor shall it shrink, affrighted, to endure
The lazy frost of chill enervate age :

For then, with bending back, and snowy beard,
And trembling hand, I'll touch th' accustom'd string,
And still, with partial ear by Phillis heard,
To Love and her, in hoarser accents sing ;

Still on those faded eyes my sight I'll rest,
No longer kindling at her lover's song ;
And print, while pressing to my faithful breast,
Cold kisses on the hand I loved so long.

Giusti Dei, che riposate
Placidissimi fu l'etra,
La mia Fille e la mia cetra
Deh serbate
Per pietà !
Fili poi la Parca avara
I miei di mill' anni e mille,
La mia cetra e la mia Fille
Sempre cara
A me sarà.



Ye who at ease on ether soft recline,
Indulgent hear this only fond desire!
Oh hear, for gentle pity, Pow'rs divine!
And grant me still my Phillis and my lyre!

Then would penurious Fate the pray'r regard,
And spin my days beyond the thousandth year,
Still to the bosom of their grateful bard
My lyre and Phillis should be ever dear.



Sonnetto.

QUAL agnellina dal sentiero uscita,
E'l pastor e l'ovil posto in oblio,
Molt' anni errò, lungi da té, mio dio,
Da té, vero Pastor, l'alma fuggita.

Se mirò vago rio, valle fiorita,
Colá rivolse il giovenil desio,
Ma sempre amari i fior, torbido il rio
Ella trovò, dal proprio error tradita.

Ond'hor, cangiato alfin l'incauto stile,
Gia del suo lungo vaneggiar si pente,
E a té ritorna ed al tuo fido ovile :
Deh l'accogli, O Signor! se'l ciel lucente
Un di cangiasti con capanna umile
Per lei sottrar d'infernal lupo al dente.

Translation of the foregoing Sonnet.

HOW like a wanton lamb that careless play'd,
The shepherd and the fold forgotten quite,
My vagrant soul, in search of vain delight,
Many long years from her true Shepherd stray'd!

If winding stream or flow'ry vale she spied,
Thither her youthful wishes eager led;
But bitter were the flow'rs on which she fed,
The turbid stream no cooling draught supplied.

Thus oft beguil'd, at length her fruitless range,
Her heedless wand'ring steps she deeply mourns,
And back to thee and to thy fold returns.
Receive her, dearest Lord! who once didst change
Heav'n's brightest mansion for a roof of straw,
'To snatch her from the wolf's devouring jaw.

An irregular Ode,

To Mrs. ELIZ. CARTER,

Who had recommended to me the Stoic Philosophy,
as productive of Fortitude; and who was about to
publish a Translation of Epictetus.

I.

C O M E, Epictetus, arm my breast
With thy impenetrable steel,
No more the wounds of grief to feel,
Nor mourn, by others' woes deprest.
O teach my trembling heart,
To scorn Affliction's dart!
Teach me to mock the tyrant Pain!
For see, around me stand
A dreadful murd'rous band!
I fly their cruel pow'r in vain!
Here lurks DISTEMPER's horrid train,
And *there* the PASSIONS lift their flaming brands;
These with fell rage my helpless body tear,
While *these*, with daring hands,
Against th' immortal soul their impious weapons rear.

II. Where-

II.

Where-e'er I turn fresh evils meet my eyes ;
 Sin, Sorrow, and Disgrace
 Pursue the human race !
 There, on the bed of sickness, VIRTUE lies !
 See FRIENDSHIP bleeding by the sword
 Of base INGRATITUDE !
 See baleful JEALOUSY intrude,
 And poison all the bliss that LOVE had stored !
 Oh seal my ears against the piteous cry
 Of Innocence distressed !
 Nor let me shrink when Fancy's eye
 Beholds the guilty wretch's breast
 Beneath the tort'ring pincers heave !
 Nor for the num'rous wants of Mis'ry grieve,
 Which all-disposing Heav'n denies me to relieve !

III.

No longer let my fleeting joys depend
 On social or domestic ties !
 Superior let my spirit rise,
 Nor in the gentle counsels of a friend,
 Nor in the smiles of love expect delight :
 But teach me in MYSELF to find
 Whate'er can please or fill my mind.
 Let inward beauty charm the mental sight ;
 Let godlike Reason, beaming bright,
 Chase far away each gloomy shade,
 Till VIRTUE's heav'nly form display'd
 Alone shall captivate my soul,
 And her divinest love possess me whole !

IV. But

IV.

But ah! what means this impious pride,
 Which heav'nly hosts deride?
 Within MYSELF does Virtue dwell?
 Is all serene and beauteous there?
 What mean these chilling damps of fear?
 Tell me, Philosophy! thou boaster! tell:
 This godlike all-sufficient mind,
 Which, in its own perfection blest,
 Defies the woes and malice of mankind
 To shake its self-possessing rest,
 Is it not foul, weak, ignorant, and blind?
 Oh man! from conscious Virtue's praise
 Fall'n, fall'n!—what refuge can'st thou find?
 What pitying hand again will raise
 From native earth the groveling frame?
 Ah, who will cleanse thy heart from spot of sinful blame?

V.

But see! what sudden glories from the sky
 To my benighted soul appear,
 And all the gloomy prospect cheer!
 What awful form approaches nigh?
 Awful, yet mild, as is the southern breeze
 That whispers through the rustling trees,

And

And gently bids the forest nod.

Hark ! thunder breaks the air, and angels speak !

Behold the Saviour of the world ! behold the Lamb of
God !

Ye sons of Pride, behold his aspect meek !

The tear of pity on his cheek !

See in his train appear

HUMILITY, and PATIENCE sweet,

REPENTANCE, prostrate at his sacred feet,

Bedews with tears, and wipes them with her flowing
hair !

VI.

What scenes now meet my wond'ring eyes !

What hallow'd grave,

By mourning maids attended round,

Attracts the Saviour's steps ?—what heart-felt wound

His spotless bosom heaves with tender sighs ?

Why weeps the Son beloved, omnipotent to save ?

But lo ! he waves his awful hand ;

The sleeping clay obeys his dread command.

O "*Lazarus ! come forth !*"—come forth, and see

The dear effects of wond'rous love !

He, at whose word the seas and rocks remove,

Thy Friend, thy Lord, thy Maker, weeps for thee !

VII. Thy

VII.

Thy walls, Jerufalem, have feen thy King,
 In meeknefs clad, lament thy haplefs fate !
 Unquench'd his love, tho' paid with ruthlefs hate !
 O loft, relentlefs Sion ! didft thou know
 Who thus vouchsafes thy courts to tread,
 What loud Hofannas wouldft thou fing !
 How eager crown his honour'd head !
 Nor fee unmov'd his kind paternal woe,
 Nor force his tears, his precious blood, for thee to flow !

VIII.

No more repine, my coward foul,
 The sorrows of mankind to fhare,
 Which he who could the world controul
 Did not difdain to bear !
 Check not the flow of sweet fraternal love,
 By Heav'n's high King in bounty giv'n,
 Thy stubborn heart to foften and improve,
 Thy earth-clad fpirit to refine,
 And gradual raife to love divine,
 And wing its foaring flight to heav'n !

IX. Nor

IX.

Nor thou, ELIZA, who from early youth,
By Genius led, by Virtue train'd,
Hast sought the fountain of eternal truth,
And each fair spring of knowledge drain'd,
Nor thou, with fond chimeras vain,
With Stoic pride, and fancied scorn
Of human feelings, human pain,
My feeble soul sustain!
Far nobler precepts should thy page adorn
O, rather guide me to the sacred source
Of real wisdom, real force,
Thy life's unerring rule!
To thee fair Truth her radiant form unshrouds,
Tho', wrapp'd in thick impenetrable clouds,
She mock'd the labours of the Grecian school.

F I N I S.

THE
T E M P L E
OF
V I R T U E,
A
D R E A M.

PUBLISHED BY
JAMES FORDYCE, D.D.

Author of SERMONS TO YOUNG WOMEN.

THE SECOND EDITION.

IN A DREAM, IN A VISION OF THE NIGHT,
WHEN DEEP SLEEP FALLETH UPON MEN,
IN SLUMBERINGS UPON THE BED; THEN
HE OPENETH THE EARS OF MEN; AND
SEALETH THEIR INSTRUCTION.

ELIHU.

D U B L I N:

Printed for J. WILLIAMS, W. WILSON and
R. MONCRIEFFE. M,DCC,LXXV.

TO
LADY ARABELLA DENNY
AS AN AFFECTIONATE VOTARY OF VIRTUE
THIS PICTURE OF HER TEMPLE
IS INSCRIBED
BY
HER MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT
THE EDITOR.

JOHN A. HARRIS

OF THE

STATE OF

NEW YORK

IN SENATE

1871

P R E F A C E

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

OF this little piece, which has been several years out of print, the publisher was willing to supply a new edition, for the use of numbers who have expressed a wish to see it; incited, as he hopes, by the favourable report of some who have perused it with indulgence on account of its design.

The thing itself is certainly not of consequence sufficient to give it extensive currency. The subject indeed would recommend it to those readers, who are lovers of VIRTUE: but they, it is to be feared, are not the many; and even of them how small a part have probably ever heard its name? Such as have may be

A 3

induced,

induced, by the title, to look into a production that professes to set before them an object, of which the bare mention cannot but impress them with respect. If, on a nearer view, they should find in it aught to engage attention, or gratify sensibility, they may possibly be prompted to speak of it with kindness to their friends, to those younger persons in particular whose improvement they would not be less happy than the editor to promote.

While the partisans of VICE, under the mask of PLEASURE, are employing every art to ensnare our youth of both sexes, the votaries of VIRTUE will naturally be zealous to put them on their guard, and guide them to her Temple, as the only abode of *genuine* Felicity: nor will such travellers, perhaps, be less pleased with the path, that it presents some entertainment, for the sake of uniting the allurements of the imagination with the convictions of the heart, and showing that Goodness is not more necessary, or more venerable, than lovely and delightful.

The

The sentiments, descriptions, and characters in general, are left as they were in the former edition; but considerable pains have been taken to render the style less incorrect.

A particular friend of the publisher, being made acquainted with the design of reprinting this small work, seemed very solicitous that so amiable a character, as that of the First Female in Britain, might have a place in the new edition. He was told, that the Dream having been published many years ago, when that Lady was not known, the editor had no right to add to the original manuscript from which it was taken. He smiled at the objection, as proceeding on too nice a refinement; and replied, that, if the picture were found like, the anachronism would easily be forgiven; that few readers would ever think of it; and that such excellence on a Throne was too uncommon, not to merit being pointed out, among the distinguished votarists of VIRTUE.

This last remark impressed the publisher so deeply, that he could not help wishing the visions of the night would be auspicious enough to correspond with the desire of a friend for whose judgment he has much respect, and to whose attachment he owes many obligations. Thus disposed he fell asleep; when Fancy, presenting the Temple, the GODDESS, her Attendants, and the Assembly, as described in the following sheets, selected the instant at which the venerable Doctor Herring had received his award, to call up the lovely image of the admired Princess now mentioned.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

IT is some time since I was intrusted by my Lord **** with the tuition of his eldest son. My first care was to find out his temper and genius. I soon discovered him to be a youth of lively parts, warm imagination, and particularly fond of such books as address themselves more immediately to that faculty. Fables, allegories, tales, romances, novels, and the sprightlier kinds of poetry, were his principal delight. He had always been indulged in this species of reading, and seemed to have very little relish for compositions of a different strain. To the sober and severe productions of philosophy he had even a dislike; and the precepts of morality he could not endure, unless they

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were conveyed in some agreeable vehicle borrowed from the stores of fancy.

The dominion, which that pleasing but volatile power possessed over him, from his original turn of mind, was confirmed by the cast of his favourite authors. These, by falling in so strongly with the bias of his nature, at that early season, had concurred to produce a light and airy disposition, which I easily foresaw would be no friend to solid and serious improvements. What was yet worse, the greater part of them, instead of making him in love with Virtue, by displaying her superior attractions, had seduced him into the admiration of her rival pleasure ; whom by a shameful perversion of their art, they have dressed in her most alluring ornaments. This they had done the more effectually, as his passions, it was easy to observe, were ardent and impetuous. Unhappily too for him, his parents, who ought to have opposed and controuled them, had by a cruel indulgence, much too common, added greatly to their force.

Such

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Such discoveries were, it may be imagined, not the most encouraging. In truth, they gave me inexpressible anxiety ; which was increased by the duty I owed to the noble family, who honoured me with so high a mark of their confidence, by the friendship I conceived for my young charge, who, with an open and ingenuous aspect, had an uncommon fund of good nature and an engaging vivacity of wit ; and by frequent reflections on the importance of my trust to the interests of society, which would probably some day be not a little affected by his principles and behaviour. In these circumstances what was to be done ?

So gay a spirit would at once have revolted against grave advice, however kindly offered. Dry argumentation, with whatever fairness conducted, would have been equally disagreeable to a mind unaccustomed to argue. Airs of authority would have proved yet more disgustful to a youth so indulged. How then were we in this case to correct the irregularities, and restrain the excesses, of a sanguine
imagi-

12 INTRODUCTION.

imagination; or by what means could we hope to moderate those inclinations, which had gathered strength from every quarter?

The only method that seemed left, was to turn them as it were against themselves, by leading this youth to Virtue in the road of entertainment; to insinuate a taste for learning, and the love of goodness, by exhibiting those respectable forms in lights the most familiar and attractive; in short, by arraying Wisdom in the robes of Fancy, and showing her in all her sweetest smiles, to interest his sensibility and captivate his heart, and thus to render that very faculty, which till now had been a handmaid of Folly, ministerial to her divine Antagonist. On this plan therefore I resolved to proceed.

The more powerfully to conciliate my pupil's regard, I joined to every other honest art, that of expressing, what indeed I had always felt, a particular esteem for the most celebrated works of imagination. I desired him to favour me with a few of his books in that style, testifying a wish to peruse them, and naming such as I
knew

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knew to be most instructive and moral, that I might afterwards commend them to him with the greater freedom. I put into his hands some others of the same character, which he had not yet seen. I would frequently make him read to me select passages out of them, when I never failed to signify the satisfaction they gave me. I would sometimes read to him in my turn, and with that kind of emphasis and manner, which seemed both to surprise and delight him. By entering so deeply into his darling amusement, I soon gained his affection; and I could often, while we were thus employed, perceive his face to flush with a mixture of gratitude and joy.

He had learned Latin, Greek, and French, in a neighbouring school, the master of which informed me, that, notwithstanding his quickness of apprehension, he had found it very difficult to teach him those languages, on account of a certain giddy disposition, which rendered him peculiarly backward to a study so laborious and unengaging. That he might
be

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be induced to resume it with less reluctance, I assured him he would receive from many of the writers in these tongues endless entertainment of the highest kind, which he could never enjoy in the same perfection from the best translations ; and I promised to assist him in reading the most amusing works of genius both ancient and modern.

We went to work accordingly ; and by explaining to him difficulties, illustrating beauties, frequently varying the subjects, always intermixing such stories and observations as appeared most likely to amuse or affect him, and still showing a proper attention to his questions and remarks, which were often pertinent and sprightly, I had the pleasure of seeing him contract insensibly a liking to the languages, and a relish for study.

Encouraged by this success, I now ventured to blend with our gayer authors some of a graver vein, who, at the same time that they excelled in the powers of imagination, abounded in the noblest views of life and nature, and availed themselves of the former to set off the last with advantage.

vantage. In going through them with my young friend, I was sure to mark with approbation the beauty and force of the style; the brightness and elevation of the ideas; the novelty, the grace, or the grandeur of the imagery. When he appeared delighted with any of these, I seized that opportunity to point out more strongly the sublime and striking lessons of truth, of piety, of justice, of generosity, of self-command, and public zeal, which they were designed to inculcate: I endeavoured to make him sensible, that Fancy in those writers was under the controul of Judgment, the superior faculty originally ordained to govern, and without whose direction the other would have served only to mislead them; that the natural and moral paintings for which they were admired had all an important signification; that the proportions of the several figures were generally as just, as the colouring was agreeable; that it was the chasteness, the simplicity, the unaffected greatness of such productions, with their application to characters and manners, which gave them their

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their highest value, and procured to their authors distinguished honour from the best judges.

I farther showed him how the Muses were, from the earliest ages, professedly consecrated to the service of religion and society, although they have been since too often sacrilegiously alienated from this their worthiest destination ; how they were actually employed to enlighten an ignorant and civilize a savage race, to enforce and elevate devotion, to inspire and strengthen a reverence for the laws, an affection for the community, a principle of obedience to parents and governors, a sense of whatever is decent, excellent, or heroic, and an emulation of virtuous fame ; how they performed all this by celebrating the praises of the Divinity, by rehearsing the achievements of divine and illustrious men, and by representing in animated pictures whatever is praise-worthy in sentiments and actions, with all that is happy and glorious in their effects ; and how, on the other hand, they helped to restrain the wildness, and reduce the wanderings, of the
the

INTRODUCTION 17

the passions, by displaying in the most moving examples the violent convulsions, the horrible outrages, the unnatural guilt, the complicated and countless miseries, which those have produced among the different ranks, and through the successive generations, of mankind.

When I observed my pupil beginning to enter into these views, and to form of course a more exalted idea of those writings which he had heretofore regarded only in the light of entertainment; I proceeded to make him acquainted with some of the most valuable works of the Historical kind, such as contain a spirited and succinct account of those periods, which have been famous for the most remarkable personages and events. These not only engaged his attention, and gratified his thirst of novelty, but tended to confirm in some degree the reflections I had made from the Poets; at the same time that they served to instruct him in the condition of human life, by letting him see from indubitable facts, that though piety and irreligion, temperance and luxury,

18 INTRODUCTION.

ury, integrity and villainy, Virtue and Vice in general, are frequently followed, in the present state, with the consequences which these writers award to them, according to the laws of poetic justice, they are yet far from being uniformly so; and that, how much soever a worthy character is constantly preferable to the reverse on all other accounts, it is still true that in this world the best men have often the most afflicted lot, and the worst the most triumphant. A discovery which seemed to fill him with astonishment and horror, to remove a part of that delusive glare with which the continual sight of opulence and greatness, joined to the prospect of future wealth and distinction, had dazzled him, and consequently to lower his lofty hopes of happiness from things external.

Of this occasion I laid hold to set forth the superiority, and necessity, of those internal goods, which are independent on the caprices of men, and the casualties of life; and which are many times enjoyed most, when other possessions are at the lowest

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lowest ebb. An enlightened understanding, a correct imagination, and moderate passions; intentions universally upright, pursued with vigour, with temper, and perseverance; a spirit erect and firm, unawed by power, unseduced by pleasure, and unsubdued by pain, yet tractable and mild, awake to the finer feelings of humanity, and open to conviction; with loyalty and attachment to a man's prince and country, warmth and fidelity to his friends, a generous pity and forgiveness of his enemies; and to crown all the rest, an unreserved devotedness to God; these, I told him, these were the only satisfying and abiding acquisitions, which rendered a person contented and estimable in every state, even in the depth of disgrace and poverty; as, on the contrary, no possible affluence or titles could rescue, from contempt and wretchedness, a wicked or a foolish creature.

At present I did little more, indeed, than hint at such subjects, and others connected with them; as, the advantages for attaining this exalted station which are
derived

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derived from Divine Philosophy, more especially that of JESUS, and particularly those superior aids and elevating prospects, which that sovereign Master holds out to his disciples. Of these points it seemed proper to delay a larger explanation till afterwards, when my pupil's capacity should be more proportioned to them, and the effervescence of juvenile fancy should give place to the coolness of mature judgment.

But that the whole might leave, in the mean time, some sensible impression, I here assumed a countenance more serious than usual, took him by the hand, and addressing him with a voice and air both affectionate and solemn, I said, " My dearest
 " youth, you know my zeal for your welfare. To those good qualities, which I
 " discerned in you from the first, I was
 " not indifferent. I am now much more
 " attached to you, on account of your
 " daily advances in Virtue and Learning.
 " I wish to behold you at last an accomplished, a worthy, and an illustrious
 " man. I wish it for your own sake, for
 " that

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“ that of your honoured parents, and for
 “ the sake of your country. Nor am I with-
 “ out hopes of enjoying this felicity.” I
 paused. He melted into tears, stole a
 look of grateful respect, and then cast
 down his eyes, as overwhelmed with the
 sensibility of a mind that panted for excel-
 lence, but felt its own defects. I em-
 braced him and proceeded; “ Yes, my
 “ friend, your best interests are dear to me,
 “ and your growing improvements give
 “ me delight. Your modesty and diffi-
 “ dence are graceful. You have, indeed,
 “ much to acquire. You are, in compa-
 “ rison, but beginning the glorious career
 “ of goodness, and of knowledge. On
 “ yourself, next to Heaven, it will depend,
 “ what progress you shall make hereafter;
 “ and on that again will depend your hap-
 “ piness and your consequence in life.
 “ You are born to an ample fortune, and
 “ considerable honours: but remember, it
 “ is the more respectable qualifications of
 “ the mind, and of the heart, that must
 “ render the others, when you arrive at
 “ them, sources of true enjoyment and
 dignity.

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“dignity. It is you must adorn your
 “rank, instead of being adorned by it.
 “High birth, with low passions and mean
 “talents serves only to make a man more
 “conspicuously little; and great affluence
 “hoarded with avarice, or dissipated with
 “profusion, is at best but gilded misery:
 “whereas by possessing a noble soul, in-
 “dulging a virtuous munificence, despis-
 “ing the poorness of sensual pursuits, and
 “abhorring the baseness of every dishonest
 “practice; by a behaviour at once pious,
 “unassuming, manly; and the persevering
 “study of polite and solid literature; you
 “will justly become the darling, as you
 “are already the hope, of your family:
 “your friends will both love and revere
 “you: your acquaintances will say to
 “each other, If that young man lives, he
 “will be an ornament and a blessing to
 “his relations, to Britain, to mankind:
 “every elegant as well as rational enter-
 “tainment will attend you, and yield the
 “highest relish, by being seasoned with
 “health and innocence: you will be
 “a favourite of the Muses; Philosophy
 “herself

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“ herself will light you in the way to pre-
“ sent pleasure; and the great Restorer,
“ Lover, and Guardian of human kind,
“ will conduct you to immortality.”

Some time after this, as we sat one evening in the long gallery where we commonly chose to study, which looked into a garden, and commanded at some distance the view of meadows, hills, and villages, with a pastoral river winding through them. The weather being remarkably fine, we opened the nearest window, to enjoy the fresh air and the various prospect. It was now early summer. Nature appeared in her highest bloom, and greatest benignity : she was all sweetness and splendour. Her unnumbered offspring shared her bounty in forms infinitely diversified. Her vocal children shouted for joy. Was it possible to behold her, and her happy family, unaffected, undelighted ; or listen to her little choristers, who seemed to contend with one another in carolling her praise, and not to be prompted to join in the general hymn ? I could not resist so pleasing an impulse ; but after a pause
of

of contemplative rapture, rising up I recited with warmth some beautiful descriptions of the season, which I recollected from different poets. The fancy of my youthful friend immediately took fire; and with a charming enthusiasm he echoed them in similar descriptions. Willing to cherish so fine a flame, I added a few passages more of the same kind. At last expressing my esteem for the singularly picturesque and moral genius of *Thomson*, I repeated from his *Summer* the following lines:

Thick, in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Even so luxurious men, unheeding pass
An idle summer's life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Here I was led to regret in general the folly and wretchedness of those who, relinquishing the peaceful and pleasant path of Virtue, wander into the by-ways of Forbidden Pleasure, where all is unsatisfying and tumultuous, and where a transient gleam

gleam of gratifications at best trifling, is followed by a long winter of solid misery.

As the security of my noble charge was inseparably connected with a deep persuasion of this point, I thought the present no improper opportunity to enforce it. And that I might render the subject more agreeable, by embellishing it with the colours of Fancy, which never failed to delight him, I stepped to one of the book-cases, and taking down the second volume of *DIALOGUES ON EDUCATION*, read to him from the Sixteenth Dialogue, a Dream concerning *PLEASURE*, in which, under a great variety of imagery and characters, drawn from the poetic and from the living worlds, are shadowed out, after the manner of some ancient moralists, the accursed arts of that Enchantress, in deluding, disappointing, and destroying unwary mortals.

My pupil appeared very sensibly affected. He often changed colour in the progress of the narrative. His countenance, which was naturally expressive, sometimes lowered with indignation at the strong pictures he there saw exhibited of vice and villainy,

B

some-

sometimes brightened into approbation of the just awards he found adjudged to the guilty, and at other times smiled with contempt of the foppery and futility, which are exposed in some of the ideal personages. So much did the whole visionary scene engage him, that he hung upon my words with eager suspense to the conclusion. He then seemed lost in thought; from which he no sooner recovered himself, than he exclaimed, "What pity the author should have ended so soon! Or has he made amends, by communicating more such visions elsewhere?" Observing me silent, he added, "Is not Virtue usually spoken of by the poets as a real person? Why did not this writer publish something in the same way concerning Virtue? It must have been equally instructive, and more delightful."

The thought was not unreasonable. I reflected on it at parting, retired into the garden, and there revolved all that had passed. This, with the beauty of surrounding Nature, the serenity and stillness of approaching night, and a state of mind
equally

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equally undisturbed, concurred to produce the happiest flow of ideas I had ever experienced. Imagination stretched her pinions, as if meditating a higher flight: some friendly spirit seemed to whisper sublimer things: my breast heaved with the force of those conceptions which now possessed it. In this situation I strayed insensibly into an adjoining summer-house, where, throwing myself down upon a couch, I unexpectedly fell asleep, and was favoured with the following Dream; which, when I awaked, and recollected it, I thought might be of use to confirm my pupil in the love of Virtue. As it was long, I wrote it down, and some days after read it to him in our favourite gallery.

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I FANCIED that I was suddenly transported into the Palace of PLEASURE, which I had seen described the evening before, where, notwithstanding the magnificence of the mansion, and the speciousness of the Goddess, that struck at first sight, I disco-

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vered, on a cloſer ſurvey, ſuch an air of affectation and deceit in both, with ſuch a look of real diſtreſs in many of her votaries, ill concealed under artificial ſmiles, as, joined to the impreſſions remaining on me from my waking thoughts, ſoon convinced me, that the whole was a pernicious contrivance to ſeduce and ruin unhappy men: on which I broke away with diſdain and horreur, and made all the haſte in my power from the enchanted valley where the Palace ſtood. When I had reached what I judged a ſafe diſtance, I began to lament in my own mind the miſery of ſuch as are taken in the ſnares of that wicked Sorcerers.

Here I was met by the good Old Man of whom I had read but a few hours before, whom I recognized by his employment of giving directions to young travellers, and who, I could readily remember, was called THE GENIUS OF EDUCATION. Perceiving me in a penſive and melancholy mood, he addreſſed me with much kindneſs, and inquired the cauſe. I told him where I had been, and what I had obſerved, with the ſorrowful reflections I could not forbear

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to make on the fate of so many deluded wretches ; and subjoined, that being myself a youth of little experience, in quest of HAPPINESS, I was uncertain what road to pursue. He looked upon me with generous compassion, and desired me to follow him.

He then conducted me along a winding path up a hill, on the summit of which resided a sedate and thoughtful man, well advanced in years, who, he informed me, was one of his near relations. We found him lodged in a lofty pavilion, from whence there was a prospect of the country on every side ; and he appeared, as we approached, to sit in a musing posture on a chair of polished metal, which diffused about him an uncommon lustre, and reflected strong and full the images of things. Placed before him was a noble telescope of exquisite workmanship, by the help of which the most distant objects might be easily and distinctly discerned.

My Guide acquainted me, that the name of this respectable personage was CONTEMPLATION ; that he was one of the eldest

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sons of *Wisdom*, and that he was posted on that hill by the sovereign of a great adjoining empire, called VIRTUE, to instruct those who were travelling towards her Temple. His aspect was solemn, serene, and piercing. There was something majestic in those wrinkles, with which age and meditation had marked his forehead; and his grey hairs were “a crown of glory.”

As we entered his pavilion, he rose up with an awful composure, and came forward to receive us with remarkable sublimity in his air and gesture. Struck with reverence, I at first beheld him in respectful silence; but, reassured by his encouraging looks, I represented to him, that, having been lately in the Palace of the Enchantress, PLEASURE, I was soon aware of her destructive wiles, had speedily made my escape, and was now in search of HAPPINESS. The venerable Power replied, that as he was the professed friend and guardian of youth, he would undertake to direct me, if I was disposed to put myself under his care. Having thankfully accepted his offer, and being warmly recommended

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mended to him by my former Guide, he seated me by him, and bad me observe, from the advantageous situation in which I now was, the wide-expanded regions that lay below, and the innumerable multitude of travellers that crossed it in a thousand different roads.

“ That large tract,” said he, “ which you see towards the left hand, so variegated with hills, and dales, and groves, and streams, and so thronged with inhabitants and passengers, is the dominion of the Sorceress, VICE; for so she is properly called, although she boldly assumes the more honourable appellation of PLEASURE. In that seemingly delicious valley, which lies in the heart of the country, you see her Palace, where you lately was. To confirm you in your opinion of her character, you may observe,” said he, desiring me to look through the telescope, “ how some of those miserable beings, her votaries, are bewildered in the mazes of the wood which grows hard by; how others of them wander up and down from one bower of her gardens to another,

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“ forlorn and distracted; while many of
 “ them are dragged away to a dirty cave,
 “ concealed from those who enter her
 “ Palace, at the farther end of a long lane
 “ behind it, and called *The Cave of Poverty*:
 “ a horrid place, of which the mistress sits
 “ in gloomy state, on a large rough stone,
 “ clad in rags, shivering with cold, pining
 “ with hunger, and environed by a set of
 “ dismal figures eyeing her and one another
 “ with dejection and amazement. Some of
 “ their names are *Discontent, Lamentation,*
 “ *Mean-spiritedness, Flattery, Greediness, Sus-*
 “ *picion, Dishonesty, Despair.*”

“ Not far from thence you may per-
 “ ceive a strong prison, which is stiled
 “ *The House of Discipline*. It is kept by
 “ two fierce and frightful figures, called
 “ *Punishment and Terrour*, who are fur-
 “ nished with various instruments of toil,
 “ pain, and disgrace, for the chastisement
 “ of such malefactors as are delivered into
 “ their hands.

“ But now,” proceeded he, “ cast your
 “ eyes again over the country which I
 “ showed you. It is divided into sundry
 “ districts,

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“ districts, lying in a circle round the Palace of PLEASURE. In their respective centers stand the seats of her principal ministers, who are always subject to her will, subservient to her interests, and ready to attend her court.

“ On one side,” to which he pointed the glass, “ you see,” said he, “ the Mansion of *Luxury*, magnificent and splendid in the extreme, raised with a profusion of expence, and adorned on every hand with all the ostentation of art.” And here he desired me to mark with particular care an outlet from the gardens, leading directly to *The Cave of Poverty*.

Then turning the telescope to another side, “ Yonder,” he continued, “ is the House of *Intemperance*. It resembles, as you may observe, a great inn, of which the gate stands always open, and into which crouds are continually hastening. You may remark, that hardly any come out with the same countenance, or shape, with which they entered, but are transformed into the likeness of different beasts. At a little distance is a large

“hospital, or lazar-house, into which the
“poor wretches are thrown from time to
“time, loaded with all manner of diseases,
“and condemned to sickness, pain, and
“putrefaction.”

Directing the glass another way, he next showed me the Tower of *Ambition*, built on the top of a very high hill. “Thither,” said he, “you behold multitudes climbing from different quarters, struggling who shall get first, and pushing down those before them. On one side is a flowery but dangerous precipice, from which the greater part, after having with infinite toil and contention gained it, tumble headlong into a bottomless gulf, and are never heard of more. On the other side is a secret path, which grows broader by degrees. At the entry to it stands a smooth and artful villain, called *Corruption*, holding in one hand ribbons, and in the other bags of gold, which, under many a specious pretext, he presents to travellers, according to their several tastes. The path, after winding up the hill, leads down again by
“a quick

“ a quick descent, till it terminates in a
 “ dark dungeon, styled *The Dungeon of*
 “ *Infamy*. You see what numbers are
 “ drawn into it; and of these not a few,
 “ who not only rejected for a long time
 “ the offers of *Corruption*, but loudly ex-
 “ claimed against all that embraced them.

“ The valley below,” continued my In-
 structor, bending down the telescope, “ is
 “ possessed by *Vanity*, whose district you
 “ may perceive is better peopled than
 “ those of the other followers of PLEA-
 “ SURE, which you have already seen.”
 Into her gaudy dwelling she allures pas-
 sengers, chiefly by promising to lead them
 to the Palace of her mistress, through the
 Temple of *Fame*, which she pretends is
 just in her neighbourhood, and only to be
 come at by passing through her mansion,
 although in reality the right road to it
 lies through the Temple of VIRTUE, to
 which it is almost contiguous. Those who
 are so weak as to be seduced by her are
 commonly consigned over to the scoffs of
Ridicule; a formidable Power, who wears
 on his face a perpetual sneer, and who,
 after

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after treating them with proper marks of scorn, shuts them up in an obscure cell, called *The Cell of Contempt*.

After this CONTEMPLATION pointed out to me, in a remote corner of the country, that had the appearance of being disjoined from all the rest, a Castle, which, he said, was inhabited by an old usurer, named *Avarice*, who sat starving amidst heaps of gold, and who, though in fact a friend to VICE, refused to acknowledge her under the form of PLEASURE, nor would ever come near the court of that jolly GODDESS.

“ His castle, you see, is situated in the
 “ centre of a deep wood, and defended
 “ with high walls and strong fortifications.
 “ That iron gate, which you descry by
 “ the assistance of the glass, is the only
 “ entrance. It is secured within by many
 “ strong bolts: without stand two sharp-
 “ eyed guards, with visages emaciated
 “ and keen, called *Hunger* and *Anxiety*,
 “ who suffer none to pass into the castle
 “ till they have manifested their affection
 “ to the master of it, by serving a sufficient time in an outer yard, where some
 “ are

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“are digging, some hewing stones, others
 “carrying on their shoulders heavy bur-
 “dens, and many filling large chests with
 “earth. It is remarkable,” added my in-
 structor, “that from the lowest cellar of
 “the house runs a long subterraneous pas-
 “sage, which communicates with *The*
 “*Cave of Poverty*.

At last desiring me to direct my regard
 to the right side of the hill, he showed
 me a country spacious and noble, but
 hilly and difficult of access. In it I saw
 fewer travellers than in the other, which
 I had just been viewing: yet they were
 more than at first appeared. At the far-
 ther end of it, on a beautiful eminence,
 I observed a temple magnificent but un-
 ostentatious. “That country,” said my
 Director, “is the Dominion of VIRTUE,
 “in which the inhabitants are inured to
 “labour, but reap the fruits of it in health
 “of body and tranquillity of mind. Those
 “asperities and precipices which you now
 “perceive, are chiefly in the entrance.
 “As you advance, it improves in smooth-
 “ness and delight. The Temple which
 “you

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“you descry is that of the GODDESS, where
 “she receives and rewards her faithful
 votaries, who enjoy, beyond the power of
 “chance and sorrow, what you are in pur-
 “suit of, HAPPINESS.” “Oh blessed vo-
 “taries!” cried I, with sudden rapture ;
 “oh glorious Temple! thither let us bend
 “our steps : I long to join that high as-
 “sembly : let us set out immediately.”
 My Guide approved of my ardour ; but,
 to prevent it from running into presump-
 tion, again foretold me I should meet
 with considerable difficulties in the road,
 on which I was about to enter ; and then,
 taking me by the hand, led me down the
 hill, ruminating on all I had just heard
 and seen.

We no sooner arrived at the foot of it,
 than I began to find the truth of his pre-
 dictions ; for we came to a road entan-
 gled with thickets, beset with thorns, per-
 plexed, abrupt, and craggy. By these
 inconveniencies, though I had been suffi-
 ciently forewarned of them, I was not a
 little discouraged ; so that, from a hasty
 impatience to be at the end of so disagree-
 able

able a journey, I hurried on before my Protector : but the faster I went, the more was I bewildered. The path indeed was so narrow, and my disposition so heedless, that I easily deviated into by-roads; an error to which I was additionally tempted on the approach of some persons of grave appearance, who told me they were going the same way, and were devoted to the GODDESS to whose Temple I was travelling.

The first I met wore a plain garb thrown carelessly about him, had a blunt manner, and a demure aspect somewhat inclining to the sullen, inveighed strongly against the manners of the country from which I came, spoke of the folly and knavery of mortals with much acrimony, and observed that many were professed, but few or none real friends to VIRTUE. He called himself *Honesty*, and bad me follow him, offering to conduct me the shortest way to her Temple. Impatient to reach it, and forgetting, in my haste, the wise and friendly Conductor, to whom I owed so much attention, I was weak enough to
accept

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accept the offer of this pretender, but soon had reason to repent of my rashness; for, instead of extricating, he led me into a greater maze, and through worse thickets, than those I had already passed, where I was pierced and torn with the briars and brambles which grew on every side. This made me resolve to follow him no longer. His true name, I afterwards found, was *Cynical Sournests*.

On his leaving me, advanced another of a figure yet more homely. He was bare-footed, had a mortified visage with a matted beard which reached to his middle, and was clad in sackcloth, girt round with a rope. In one hand he held a maple dish, and in the other grasped a whip, with which he would now and then lash himself by way of penance. The name he assumed was *Temperance*, though I understood afterwards that he was only *Monkish Austerity*. His appearance was in many respects far enough from engaging; yet, as he professed the utmost simplicity of diet and manners, put on a sanctimonious look, and peremptorily asserted, that there
was

was no other way to the Temple of VIRTUE but through his cell, I was, in the present disorder of my thoughts, induced to follow him: but the road he led me was so stony and rough, his discourse was so forbidding, and his deportment so fierce, that being greatly shocked I soon relinquished him.

The next who accosted me was a stately personage with a plausible countenance, and an air of grandeur, in which however appeared something starched and haughty. He gave me to know, that he was by profession a Philosopher; spoke much of his disinterested zeal, his unconfined benevolence, his inflexible probity, his perfect command over all his passions, his sovereign contempt both of pain and PLEASURE; and boldly affirmed, that none but he and his followers were acquainted with the road to the Temple of VIRTUE, that he was a bosom friend of the GODDESS, and commissioned by her to lead young travellers to her sacred abode. His name, he said, was *Stoicism*, though his enemies through spite often miscalled

mis-called him *Pride*. Imposed upon by an appellation so celebrated, and such lofty pretensions, I readily accepted his offer: but he conducted me sometimes through quagmires, where I was in danger of sticking fast; sometimes over precipices, where I dreaded being dashed to pieces: and yet I could not discover that we gained any ground. At length, being disheartened and faint with following a leader so headstrong and dangerous, and sick of making so many unpleasant and unsuccessful experiments, I determined to adhere more closely to my old Guide, who had all this while kept behind at some distance, but had never lost sight of me. I was indeed ashamed to approach him: but seeing me now alone, and in confusion, he came up, and, on my confessing with humiliation my ingratitude and temerity in leaving him, he generously forgave me.

We had not proceeded far together, when I was accosted by some other persons, who were not without their several allurements, who all wore the livery of VIRTUE, and all pretended to be of her family.

family. My Protector however assured me, they were counterfeits. One of them endeavoured to pass for *Prudence* ; but I found his proper name was *Cunning*, and that he was particularly to be known by his squint eyes, and short sight. Another called herself *Justice* ; but I was informed *Severity* was her real name. A third gave herself out for *Good-nature*, but was in fact no other than *Weakness*. And one, properly called *Profusion*, took the name of *Liberality*.

My Guide, aware that, through my youth and inexperience, I might still be seduced by those or the like pretenders, conducted me through a lonely path, with which few were acquainted, to a green and mossy bower concealed from public view, at the entrance to which sat a reverend and elderly woman, of an appearance wonderfully sedate and recollected, who seemed to be the portress of this lowly dwelling. She knew my Instructor, and, smiling at sight of him, admitted us without speaking a word. He told me, she had been his nurse, and was styled *Solitude*.

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litute. Upon entering we observed a very lovely figure reclining on a verdant couch, planted round with jessamine and honeysuckle, which filled the place with perfume. She had an incomparable clearness and ingenuity of aspect: her countenance was open as Heaven: her eyes were bright as the evening star, and withal so penetrating that nothing could escape her notice. Her person appeared as if formed by the *Graces*, with inimitable proportion and perfect elegance. She wore an azure coloured robe, of such admirable texture, and at the same time so happily adjusted to her shape, as to display her charms in their full lustre. Her whole frame seemed to beam with glory. On beholding my Guide, her looks expressed a complacence that could be equalled only by her respect. Rising from her seat, and moving gently forward, she received us with a friendly joy. My venerable Companion, having informed her who I was, and whence I came, recommended me to her care, and told me I might safely travel onward to the Temple of VIRTUE under the direction

rection of so sure a Conductress, who was her favourite daughter, and whose name was TRUTH. I bowed my head ; he left us ; and we set forward on our journey.

Now and then certain phantoms, of an odd figure and fantastic dress, glided across our way. They would sometimes make up to me, and try by a variety of arts to entice me from TRUTH. These she informed me were partizans of PLEASURE, and sent by her to the frontiers of VIRTUE, on purpose to embarrass and decoy unguarded travellers. Some of their names, as I remember, were *Vain Glory*, *Popular Applause*, *False Shame*, *Derision*, *Detraction*, *Novelty*, *Fashion*. I felt some curiosity to enter into discourse with them : but my new Guide, holding up a mirror which she always carries about her, and which reflects the forms of things as they are, with it confronted the spectres ; whereupon some of them disappeared, unable to sustain its splendour, and others (oh surprising effect of the mirror !) shrunk into the most diminutive and despicable figures that can be conceived.

As

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As we travelled onward, having observed that TRUTH presented to me a crystal-line cup full of clear and sparkling fluid, I presumed to enquire what it was. It was, she informed me, a sovereign preparation, which, besides purifying the constitution in general, was particularly useful in clearing and strengthening the organs of vision. I had no sooner, by her advice, made trial of its efficacy, than, methought, a weakness and confusion in my eyes, of which I had for some time complained, was removed, and I discerned every object at a greater distance, and with more distinctness than before.

My Benefactress desired me to look back on the palace of PLEASURE, which lay in the valley below. But how was I surprised to find all its magnificence vanished, and to see itself suspended in the air, with a tumultuous motion that seemed to announce its fall; and the adjacent fields, formerly so fruitful and well watered in appearance, withered at once into a frightful waste! The boastful GODDESS was herself shriveled and transformed to a hag,
sitting

sitting in a darksome corner, pale and trembling, accompanied only by a few of her doleful attendants and votaries, who appeared like so many furies reproaching her and one another, and tearing themselves with anguish and remorse. I turned away disgusted at so loathsome a spectacle and besought my Guide to lead on.

As we advanced, we were met by one of a youthful form, and of extraordinary vigour. His complexion was of that kind which is contracted by toil. He had a steady look, not without some mixture of sternness, to which the rest of his make corresponded, being rough and hardy. He grasped in his hand a club, and walked with uncommon composure, and firmness. "This youth," said my Guardian, "is a near ally of my family, whom CON-
"TEMPLATION had by fair *Liberty*. He
"is called *Resolution*, and has a temper
"compounded of the characters of both
"parents; for in him the fire of the mo-
"ther is tempered by the coolness of the
"father." His presence gave me new spirit, so that I was disposed to press on
through

through the remaining difficulties of the way with an alacrity which I had not felt before.

I soon indeed found, that I should want it all; for I observed at some distance a tremendous rock, which I understood I must necessarily climb. It grew not less formidable on a nearer approach; and proved on my attempting it, so steep and slippery, that I fell back almost as fast as I ascended. There lodged too, as my Conductress informed me, in one of its cavities, a monstrous being, whom we must needs subdue before we could gain the summit. "But," said she, "be of good cheer, for Heaven will send to our relief a mightier power." She had scarcely spoken, when out rushed a most hideous form, of whom the very sight chilled me with horror. He had, indeed, the face of a man; but it was more fierce and terrible than that of a lion. His eyes darted fire. Out of his nostrils issued a baleful steam, that poisoned the air; and his roaring was like "the sound of many waters." He was armed with scales almost

most impenetrable by human weapons, and instead of hands was furnished with claws which tore whatever came within their reach. His name was *Self Will*.

He was attended by a figure of a pale and fallow visage, whose eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, and rolled about with wildness and wrath. Her tresses flew loose upon her shoulders, and she had in all her looks and gestures an air of distraction. In one hand she carried a string of beads, which she seemed to tell with great earnestness; and in the other a bloody scourge. At the same time she muttered an unintelligible jargon. By her girdle hung a key, with which, I was afterwards told, she pretended to admit into, or shut out from, the Temple of VIRTUE, and the Abode of HAPPINESS. I perceived that she fondly cherished the monstrous shape. Her name was *Bigotry*.

At the discovery of this shocking pair I was seized with double terrour: but *Resolution* instantly attacked the mis-shapen power with his mighty weapon, calling to

me in the mean time not to be afraid ; yet I could not refrain from trembling for the event. My companion was indeed pressed so hard by his antagonist, that he must soon have fallen a prey to his fury, had not our Protectress, who remained awhile spectator of the unequal combat, brought to our aid a seasonable reinforcement. Oh the Godlike power that interposed !

There was in her whole appearance somewhat more divinely attractive than aught I had ever beheld : her forehead was polished like ivory, and radiant with splendour : her hair was like burnished gold : her eyes effused ineffable mildness mingled with modest triumph : her regards were chiefly fixed on the skies, to which they were raised with such sublime devotion as seemed to lift the spirit of the beholder thither. Her garment, which hung freely from her shoulders, and reached down to her feet, was white as the driven snow : her motions were at once awful and serene. She looked like an inhabitant of the Empyréan, sent down for the relief of feeble mortals. At sight of her, *Bigotry*, unable to support so much effulgence,

effulgence, turned her back, slunk away, and was seen no more. The name of this sweetly majestic Power, my Preceptress informed me, was RELIGION. In her hand she supported a box of the purest frankincense. Having thrown part of it on a little altar that stood by, it raised at first a cloud of smoke, which possessed such peculiar influence, as to terrify, beyond any thing else in nature, the monster *Self Will*; so that he fled away in consternation, uttering such cries as appeared to rend the vault of Heaven. The smoke was succeeded by a celestial odour, which soon dispersed every noxious vapour, and filled the air with a fragrance inexpressibly reviving.

The alarm I suffered, and the splendour of RELIGION, had hitherto withheld my attention from three blooming figures that accompanied her. They were her daughters, *Faith, Humility, and Hope*. The head of the first was invested with a circle of rays, which threw a chearing light on all around her: her eyes were chiefly turned towards her parent, who viewed her with

reciprocal and superior satisfaction: she carried before her a shield of divine workmanship, and seemed to lead the road to her sisters. *Humility*, cloathed in a vesture of sober hue, which trailed on the ground, walked with a down-cast look and slow step: her whole demeanour was diffident and lowly. *Hope* had in her hand an opening bud, fresh and fragrant as the morning rose: she heedfully marked the motions of her eldest sister, and wore in her countenance a pleasant tranquillity, which seemed a mixture of seriousness and chearfulness, bordering upon rapture.

As we proceeded we were joined by another companion, one of RELIGION's family, who I was informed would help me to surmount the remaining hardships of the way. He was an elderly personage, but appeared still fresh and vigorous: he was clad in a russet cloak, wore an air of meekness and contentment, and held in his hand a staff on which he sometimes leaned: he was provided with a box of ointment for dressing the wounds, and anointing the feet, of those travellers who had been hurt
by

by the asperities of the road. His name, my Instructress told me, was *Patience*. This exhilarating power going before lent me his hand, and by his assistance I with ease reached the top of the rock. I perceived indeed, after he joined us, that the path became more practicable and pleasing. We still ascended; but the ascent diminished: and among so many desirable and animating companions, I soon forgot my weariness. The sun, till now concealed in clouds, broke forth with new lustre, and illumined the fairest country he had ever beheld in his mighty circuit. Beauteous prospects opened on all sides. To the thorny wilds, and frightful precipices, we had passed, succeeded green meadows, and flowery lawns, and streams of living water.

The Temple, in full sight of which we were now arrived, stood on the point of the eminence. My Guide, perceiving me ravished with the view of its situation and structure, said, "That, my son, is the
" Temple of VIRTUE, and the Abode of
" HAPPINESS. From thence the monstrous
" form, who so lately affrighted you, and

" his gloomy partner, are for ever excluded.
 " *Spleen* never spreads her sable wings there.
 " To that blissful place *Corroding Cares*, and
 " *Fearful Forebodings*, with those infernal
 " furies, bitter *Strife*, blind *Rage*, brutal
 " *Revenge*, *Jealousy* of jaundiced eye, fell
 " *Hate*, pining *Envy*, devouring *Appetite*,
 " and pale *Remorse*, must never approach.
 " Neither the indolent nor the busy adhe-
 " rents of PLEASURE can breathe so pure
 " an air. Her joyful dependants, who are
 " settled inhabitants, pass the hours in a
 " perpetual round of exercise without toil,
 " and of entertainment without satiety;
 " divided into different festal bands mutu-
 " ally loving and beloved, improving and
 " improved, without other contention, save
 " who shall pay the highest homage, and
 " render the most acceptable service, to
 " their common Sovereign, who is ever
 " sure to bestow her noblest boons on the
 " most active and deserving."

Mean while we drew near to the sacred
 mansion, which was built of a transparent
 stone that admitted light from every quar-
 ter: it was of a quadrangular form, and
 crowned

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crowned with a magnificent dome: its portal rested on a double row of pillars of the Doric order. At the entry were placed two guards, who carried in their looks something so severe, that many travellers recoiled at the sight of them: their names were *Temperance* and *Fortitude*. Though their first appearance was not inviting, it softened as soon as they observed our company. The gates stood wide open, in which situation I was told they always remain. Ascending by easy steps, we entered. I was transported with the beauty and nobleness of the place: the height and circumference of the dome filled and satisfied the eye: the taste of the whole fabric was simple and solemn. There was no need of adventitious decorations, and there were none.

At the upper end of the Temple, on a Throne of state, appeared the GODDESS: but how shall I describe her superior form? Her complexion was clear, healthful, and animated with a native glow more perfect than art can confer. Her features were regular, raised, and graceful, but not with-

out a masculine air. Her eyes were blue, beautiful, and piercing as light. In all her mien there was discoverable a happy mixture of the modest and the great. Not a single ornament about her person, but what was decent and natural. Her hair flowed down her neck in artless ringlets. A sprig of laurel was wreathed round her temples. She wore a robe of the purest purple, that was girt with a zone about her waist, from which it fell in ample and easy folds. She held in her hand an Imperial Sword, the emblem of Power and Authority. Before the Throne, which was of alabaster, were placed various ensigns of Dominion, a globe, crowns, scepters, batons, fasces, tables of laws, suits of armour, instruments of war, trophies, and the several symbols of the Finer Arts.

The presence of the GODDESS overwhelmed me with veneration and extacy. I stood for some time immoveable, as if absorbed in sublime ideas. When I was a little recovered from a state which mortality cannot long support, my Protectress, pointing to the Throne, said, " There sits
 " the Divinity of the place; the daughter
 " of

“ of those immortal Powers, *Wisdom* and
 “ *Love*. She was brought forth at a birth
 “ with HAPPINESS, her sister, and her com-
 “ panion; and sent down from above as
 “ the best friend of men, and the surest di-
 “ rectress of life; the guardian of youth,
 “ the glory of manhood, and the comforter
 “ of old age. By her instructions and laws,
 “ human society is formed and maintained;
 “ and human nature, by converse with her,
 “ becomes Godlike.”

My Conductress then called off my view
 to the numerous attendants of VIRTUE.
 On either side of the Throne, as its sup-
 porters, stood two illustrious personages,
 whose names were *Prudence* and *Justice*,
 with their well-known symbols. Their
 votaries, as they approached, were intro-
 duced to the Presence by a young virgin
 of the most lovely appearance, who could
 not perform her task without blushing.
 Her name was *Modesty*. On the right hand
 of the GODDESS stood *Domestic Tenderness*,
Chastity with a veil, meek-eyed *Charity*,
 sacred *Friendship*, and *Heroic Indignation* of
 a stern aspect and awful mien, grasping

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the Imperial Sword which VIRTUE reached out to him, and leading up *Public Zeal*, *Magnanimity*, and *Honour*, persons of a fearless countenance and noble deportment, several more whose names I do not now recollect. On her left hand were placed, among others, *Honesty* in her transparent vest; *Sincerity*, of an ingenuous face; *Resignation*, leaning on a column, and looking to Heaven; *Clemency*, holding an olive branch; and *Hospitality*, of a liberal and open manner, joining hands with *Politeness*. Behind the Throne might be seen unruffled *Serenity*; smiling *Cheerfulness*; ever-blooming *Joy*, with a garland of flowers in her hand; and the *Graces* encircled in each other's arms. There too stood ranged *Industry* of a hale and active appearance, and *Peace* crowned with laurel, supporting a cornucopia between them; *Credit* linked hand in hand with *Commerce*; and both introduced by *Civil Liberty* with her proper types. In VIRTUE's train, I likewise beheld *Rhetoric*, of a bold enthusiastic air; *Poetry*, with her lyre and her look of rapture; *Philosophy*, with her speculum;
History,

History, with her pen; *Sculpture*, *Painting*, and the rest of the Sciences and Arts, distinguished by their respective attributes. The presence of the GODDESS seemed to inspire the whole august and amiable band, and added a fresh lustre to their beauty.

The area of the Temple was filled with a glorious "multitude, which no man could number," collected out of all tribes and nations, who lived in holy union, and conversed together with perfect esteem and confidence. Stationed near the Throne, was a distinguished company, on whom the GODDESS smiled with correspondent satisfaction. My Guide informed me they were a set of illustrious Worthies, who had approved themselves patterns of every excellence, the promoters of TRUTH, the defenders of *Liberty*, the benefactors of mankind, the very lights of the world.

This radiant assembly joined in offering up their several gifts, which were not so remarkable for their splendour and riches, as they were ennobled and consecrated by the purity of the offerers. The minutest oblations

oblations were acceptable from a willing mind; and the undissembled homage of such persons as had nothing else to present, was received by the Divinity of the place with a countenance no less propitious, than she vouchsafed to her most munificent worshippers.

I had almost omitted to mention, that near the Throne stood a nymph of an alluring and enraptured aspect, whose name was *Harmony*. She bore between her hands a golden harp, and seemed only to wait for a signal to strike it. Silence being proclaimed through the Assembly, after they had paid their homage, the GODDESS beckoned to the graceful nymph; on which she kindled into higher transport, swept the well tuned strings, and played such airs as soothed the hearers into attentive wonder, and celestial ravishment. "The harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming."

When the music ceased, the happy multitude crowded round the Presence, and without strife or noise placed themselves in that situation, where they might
best

best be seen by the observing Deity. Such as were but just arrived, and had not yet been honoured with an audience, now approached the Throne, led up by *Modesty*. The GODDESS commanded her *Recorder*, who sat on a bench below her, to read their respective stories. His eyes were piercing as the eagle's, when he gazes on the noon-day sun, and his voice solemn as that of distant thunders. His name was CONSCIENCE. Before him was spread an immense volume, in which were registered the actions of men, as well the most disguised and secret as the most open and avowed: nor did any ever contradict the testimony of CONSCIENCE, without being self-condemned.

The first person whom the bashful usher introduced was a comely Old woman of an appearance singularly decent. Purity and sweetness were so tempered in her, as to create at once respect and confidence, while they beamed out in an eminent degree through all her looks and demeanour. When presented to the GODDESS, the paleness of age could not conceal a candid blush, which over-spread her cheeks, as the *Re-*
recorder

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corder read aloud the following encomium: That her earliest youth was distinguished by an affectionate piety to GOD, and to her parents, accompanied with a sobriety of mind, and sedateness of manners, uncommon at that period of life: That, being married very young to an elderly gentleman of good fortune and great worth, but of a temper something warm, she had improved his circumstances by her prudent management, and calmed his passions by a superior mildness and marvellous discretion: That she had brought up a numerous family with the most tender care, and studied by her instructions and example to inspire them with an early attachment to RELIGION and VIRTUE: That, by a winning conversation, and well-conducted indulgence, she had engaged them to love her as their friend, no less than to reverence her as their parent: That after her husband's death, which happened when far the greater part of them were young, she had watched over their interests with unwearied attention, given them one after another a liberal education, and settled them

them in useful and honourable stations: That such of them as were now at a distance from her, she continued regularly to counsel, and to confirm in the principles of their education, by an epistolary correspondence, in which she wrote her beautiful feelings with a simplicity and a dignity seldom equalled: In fine, that she was venerated by her servants, beloved by her friends, blessed by the poor to whom she was indeed a mother, and applauded, without one dissenting voice, by all that knew her unaffected goodness.

On hearing this ample attestation, VIRTUE beheld her with particular regard, and said, "Most honoured woman! thou
 " hast been happy in thy parents, in thy
 " husband, in thy family; and happy shalt
 " thou long continue in the consciousness of
 " a life spent like thine, and in the highest
 " pleasure that can reach a parent's soul,
 " that of seeing her offspring prosperous
 " and esteemed. Having reaped this natural recompence in the present world,
 " thy labour of love shall not be forgotten
 " in the future, to which thou shalt be gathered

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“thered in a good old age, full of consolation, and ripe for immortality.”

Having said this, she ordered *Peace*, *Prudence*, *Charity*, *Conjugal Love*, and *Domestic Tenderneſs*, to weave a garland of myrtle and olive, and crown her with it, in the preſence of her female miniſters; and then commanded them to conduct her into the Abode of HAPPINESS, who dwelt in apartments under the ſame roof with the Temple.

The next that appeared was a Young woman, in the bloom of youth and beauty. She was clad in mourning: there was ſomething in her attire unadorned and careleſs, to which a languiſhing and down-caſt air, that appeared about her, admirably correſponded. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, whiſt the *Recorder* gave her this remarkable teſtimony: That having a very aged and moſt deſerving parent, with two young brothers, left to her charge by the death of her mother, ſhe had by her conſtant care and vigilance cheriſhed the former and educated the latter, and by many works of ingenuity procured a tolerable ſubſiſtence for both: That, to perform this laborious

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laborious task more completely, she had declined the most tempting offers of marriage for herself; being resolved never to transfer upon a husband the burden which Providence had laid upon her: That having at last closed her father's eyes, and seen her brothers happily provided for by a public foundation, the managers of which had been made acquainted with her meritorious behaviour, it was now her chief employment to excite in them an ambition of imitating their parent's excellence, so as to embalm and preserve his memory in the honourable reputation of his children.

Such uncommon self-denial and filial piety, in a person so young and so handsome, drew upon her the admiring eyes of the whole Assembly; which producing a virtuous confusion, heightened her native attractions. The GODDESS looked upon her with tenderness, and said, "Lovely daughter! thy gentle qualities and generous exertions shall gain thee fairer honours, than the more splendid achievements of those who have been accounted heroines; and thy name shall be held up
" to

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“ to future ages, as a pattern of duty and
 “ affection. Thy children (for thou shalt
 “ yet bring a beautiful offspring to a man
 “ of worth) shall repay thee tenfold, and
 “ copy with success those perfections which
 “ thou hast so usefully and amiably displayed.”

VIRTUE then presented her with a mystic girdle, which was woven by the *Graces*, and endowed with such efficacy as to confer upon the wearer the power of charming every beholder. She received it blushing, and withdrew.

After her, was introduced a man about middle age. There was, in his eyes, a fire that indicated passions naturally strong; yet he approached the Throne with a look of diffidence and concern. The *Recorder* represented, That this votary was formerly proud and overbearing, prone to voluptuousness, and impetuous in his schemes to gratify it: That his wealth and rank, together with an early indulgence of those propensities, had contributed not a little to augment their violence: That conceiving a fondness for a young lady of distinguished

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ed birth and beauty, joined to many estimable qualities, but whose fortune was ruined by a train of unpropitious events, he hoped her situation might make her an easy prey to his designs, as he could not be confined by marriage, and had always entertained that gross opinion of women in general which is common among loose men: That, after employing every seducing art, he found her equally unmoved by allurements and by terrours: That being at length, by the inviolable sanctity of her manners, subdued into just admiration and virtuous love, he desisted from his infamous attempts, and, after coavincing her with some difficulty of his sincere repentance, raised her from indigence and obscurity to a station of affluence and honour, in which her hitherto concealed accomplishments broke forth with splendour: That her incomparable deportment so softened and moulded his temper, as entirely to reform it, and render him unassuming, mild, and moderate, a friend of VIRTUE, and a guardian of the sex.

He

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He was desired to bring forward his benefactress. With ardent haste he singled from the throng the loveliest creature the sun ever shone upon, who, thus unexpectedly presented to public view, appeared with additional lustre from the reddenings of conscious worth, that glowed in her countenance. On which, eagerly pressing her hand, he said, " This, awful GODDESS! " this is the matchless woman who converted me to reason and humanity. I have " done nothing to merit your notice: only " bestow upon my beloved companion some " recompence proportioned to her deserts." He turned to her with unutterable admiration. Her regards were fixed upon the ground; and she observed a modest silence, more expressive than the liveliest eloquence.

VIRTUE from her throne surveyed them both with singular satisfaction, and ordered *Hymen* to bring forth from her treasury two garlands of ivy, which she herself wreathed, about their heads, while she thus addressed them. " Blessed pair! I crown you with " these as memorials of my complacence, " and of the conquests that each of you " has

“ has gained. Remain eternal monuments
 “ of the joys that spring from a chaste
 “ and rational affection; and witness to
 “ a degenerate age, how far these en-
 “ dearments of the heart surpass the warmest
 “ transports of lawless passion.”

She then commanded *Chastity*, *Meekness*,
Fidelity, and *Cheerfulness*, in company with
 the *Graces*, to conduct them into the hyme-
 neal chamber near the altar.

Next in order came a grave matron-like
 lady on the decline of life : but no wrinkles
 had yet deformed her face ; and by many
 agreeable traces, which she still retained,
 I could perceive she had once stood in the
 foremost rank of beauty. Her looks be-
 spoke a mixture of sentiment and simpli-
 city ; and her air was of that kind which
 is at once elevated and engaging. It ap-
 peared, That having been heiress to an
 ample fortune, and possessed of many ad-
 vantages both of mind and person, she had
 nevertheless maintained such a moderation
 of spirit as gave real dignity to the first,
 and added new allurements to the latter :
 That, though her train was soon swelled
 with

with a croud of admirers, some of whom were of the first distinction, and addressed her in due form, she had never been vain of past, nor ambitious of future conquests: That she had made use of her affluence, and other advantages, only to relieve the poor, to patronize the deserving, and protect the modest against "the oppressor's" wrongs, the proud man's contumely, and "the insolence of office:" That having rejected the baits of grandeur offered her by her interested suitors, who considered marriage merely as a bargain, and those of gallantry presented her by gay ones, who regarded it as the last refuge of a ruined estate, she had made choice of a plain man, without rank, youth, or beauty, and of a very moderate income, but of admirable sense and uncommon worth; with whom she removed into the country, preferring his company, and that of a few select friends, amidst the still delights of retirement, to the tumultuous diversions of the town, and the tiresome parade of a court.

The GODDESS, with an aspect of high approbation, thus confirmed so honourable

able

able a testimony: "Exalted creature! I
 "have long beheld with more than ordi-
 "nary esteem thy discreet reserve, thy
 "equanimity, and generous use of power
 "and opulence. These have found their
 "just reward in one of the best men. Be
 "thou a lasting model to thy sex, of un-
 "ambitious, but noble conduct: teach
 "them to sacrifice the transient glare of
 "wealth, and hollow pageantry of great-
 "ness, to the solid and unfading sweets of
 "friendship, freedom, and self-enjoyment."

Then VIRTUE taking from her own
 hand a ring of inestimable value, on which
 were cyphered the names of *Wisdom* and
Love, put it upon the finger of the votarefs.
 She was afterwards conducted, by three
 attendants of the GODDESS, *Generosity*, *De-*
cency, and *Joy*, to her husband, who, from
 a corner of the Temple, had witnessed with
 rapture the honours paid to the admired
 author and partner of his happiness.

The succeeding votary appeared to be
 a man past the boisterous season of youth,
 but not yet fully arrived at his prime. He
 had a masculine and animated look, mixed
 with

with something thoughtful; which seemed to intimate, that he had endured considerable hardships, but spoke at the same time a mind unbroken and superior. Of him it was recorded, That, though born to a plentiful estate, he had found it much impaired by the extravagance of his father, and the injustice of his guardians: That the remainder he had employed in giving himself a liberal education: That he had wisely appeased, or resolutely supported, some strong animosities which he had incurred without deserving them: That he had with invincible temper sustained the assaults of calumny: That having at last, with sagacity and spirit, extricated himself from a train of difficulties; and having by unwearied application acquired an opulent fortune; while by persevering probity joined to fine parts he converted censure into applause, he betrayed no elation of mind, but continued uncorrupted by prosperity, as he had been unconquered by affliction: That he had availed himself of his new-acquired riches, in supplying the wants of those very relations who had used him

him worst, in maintaining some of them who were disabled by age or infirmities, and settling others in the world: That his hand was ever open to indigent merit, his house a sanctuary to injured innocence, his advice and assistance free to all, and his company courted equally by the old and the young, of whom he was particularly solicitous to inspire the last with a sense of *Honour* and the love of VIRTUE.

The GODDESS, delighted with this relation of so extraordinary a personage, commanded two of her attendants, *Magnanimity* and *Liberality*, to crown him with a wreath of laurel, as if he had been a conqueror just returned from the field of battle. Then, with a voice melodious as the songs of Elysium, she thus addressed him: “ Shine
“ on, thou generous youth! shine on inva-
“ riably, with the splendour of a superla-
“ tive humanity. Instruct mankind by
“ thy persuasive conversation; charm them
“ with thy great example: make the un-
“ thinking, the vicious, and the vain,
“ ashamed: teach even the most savage
“ minds to revere that exalted form of
D “ goodness

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“goodness which they can never rise to
“imitate.”

Struck with this solemn attestation of VIRTUE herself, the hero, with an amiable bashfulness, retired behind the Throne, and disappeared amongst the admiring croud.

The next votarist introduced was a person far advanced in years, whose reverend visage betokened a certain sacred simplicity of character. His demeanour was perfectly plain, and his appearance altogether primitive and artless. He approached the Throne slowly. On his right hand stepped RELIGION; on his left, *Philosophy*: *Humility* walked behind him. Of him it was told, that he was one of VIRTUE's priests, who had served at her altar with a zeal as pure as the fire which burnt upon it, and withal as mild as the oil which fed the holy flame: Every hour that could be spared from an immediate attendance on his function, he had employed in exercises of a rational piety, or in offices of an unlimited benevolence, or in studies devoted to the purposes of both: Having received
from

from Nature a marvellous perspicacity in experimental researches, he had, with a diligence and success till then unknown, applied it to penetrate her works: He explored accordingly many of her secrets, especially those relating to the vegetable and animal machinery: By drawing aside the veil which had hitherto enveloped them, he disclosed such miracles of power, intelligence, and goodness, as struck each attentive spectator into devout astonishment: By these discoveries, he had not only advanced the glory of the great Artificer; he had contributed to the benefit of man, in pointing out their important uses, for the preservation, comfort, or improvement of life. He had subdued the very elements to the service of his species, even there where they had been most refractory and noxious: The air and water he had purified and sweetened by those admirable arts for which multitudes of human beings in every age would "rise up and call him blessed." He had in some sense restored breath to thousands of his fellow creatures: The same of his incomparable ingenuity and

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worth, having induced an illustrious personage to force him by a sort of friendly violence to the court, he had remained, amidst the glitter of a palace, the same contemplative and elevated spirit that he had ever been found in the shade of retirement; retreating thither, as often as he could; and when he could not, walking through the circles of grandeur and gaiety with an undesigning heart and unaffected manners; breathing an air of sanctity like the inhabitant of some superior region, and, as by beams brought down from above, kindling in those about him the love of RELIGION, *Temperance*, and *Wisdom*.

VIRTUE smiled upon the saint with affection and delight, which, when the *Recorder* had ended, she thus expressed:
 “ Happy old man! let me, in the presence
 “ of this assembly, congratulate thee on thy
 “ singular felicity. Happy in thy genius,
 “ in thy disposition, and in thy royal Mi-
 “ stress! Thrice happy in the power of dis-
 “ fusing health and refreshment through
 “ the abodes of sickness and dejection, in
 “ the praise of saving the lives of millions
 “ yet

“yet unborn, in the glorious privilege of
 “leading immortal minds to adore, with
 “an enlightened devotion, the Author of
 “this universe! Let the joyful recollection
 “support thy drooping age; let the honours
 “paid thee by the best and greatest of
 “mankind exhilarate thy spirits; and let
 “those pleasures of divine philosophy,
 “which thou art so eminently qualified to
 “relish, anticipate the transport thou shalt
 “shortly derive from the ever-new disco-
 “veries, and the ever-rising contempla-
 “tions, of eternity.”

The GODDESS then ordered *Sculpture* to erect for the admirable man a statue of the finest marble, with the figure of a Ventilator on the pedestal, and this inscription, TO THE GOOD DOCTOR HALES, SECRETARY OF NATURE.

After him came forward another votary, past the prime of life. His eagle look gave indications of a daring spirit, and a commanding genius, formed for planning the grandest schemes, and sustaining the most arduous struggles. The result was a certain air of just and noble authority, that

seemed capable alike of impressing awe upon subordinate minds, and striking dishonest hearts with terrour. He approached the Throne with a dignified port, holding in his hand an expanded volume. He eyed it and the GODDESS by turns, while this extraordinary account of him was read aloud: That, inflamed with a fervent love of *Liberty*, and penetrated with solicitude for his Country, he had early devoted himself to their interests: That the season of youth, so frequently disgraced by debauchery or lost in trifles, he had diligently employed in the study of history, politics, oratory, and polite letters, with a view to prepare him for the part he might afterwards fill in the councils of the nation: That, being soon called to this high trust by the unbought election of his countrymen, he approved himself an intrepid patriot, as well as a profound statesman, and a speaker of irresistible energy; neither cringing to the haughty pageants of power, nor courting the favour of the giddy populace: That scorning a bribe himself, by whatever name disguised, he had constantly inveighed,

inveighed, with a conscious boldness which dreaded no reprisals, against the venal herd of every class, but chiefly against those pretenders to patriotism, who after decrying venality in others, had themselves bartered independence, freedom and fair renown, for filthy lucre, or some tinsel ornament of dear-bought greatness: * That the reputation he had gained for inflexible integrity and transcendent abilities, having raised him to the most beneficial department in the administration, he had, by his unequalled moderation, generously renouncing large emoluments which he might have received without reproach, displayed a glorious superiority to wealth: That, as he had discharged the important duties of the place, with an attention which none ever questioned; so he had proved that he accepted it on conditions which none could condemn, by

* The lovers of Virtue and Patriotism, who may chance to look at this character, will regret that aught should have happened to render it less like the original than it appeared many years ago, when the Dream was first published.

quitting it with dignity, when he might not hold it with honour: That whilst he yet held it, he scrupled not to level the thunders of his more than modern eloquence against those unhappy measures, and that unbounded prodigality of public treasure, by which he foresaw its wicked or infatuated managers would expose their country to disgrace and ruin: That he had often proposed and warmly pleaded in behalf of salutary laws, and wise regulations, for stopping the progress of *Corruption*, for purifying the British constitution, and for securing the independency of parliament: That this course of service had been a course of suffering; he, like all the greatest men who had gone before him in the same illustrious track, having been hated and persecuted by the corrupters and the corrupted, reproached by those he could not reclaim, relinquished by those he could not promote, and his contempt of riches represented as artifice, or ridiculed as quixotism: That nevertheless, unterrified, and undiverted from the purpose of his soul,

he

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he had continued a courageous champion for *Liberty*, and a zealous votary of VIRTUE.

This high encomium being ended, the GODDESS desired him to make known his request before the whole assembly; on which he thus addressed her: “Great Sovereign! Weakened by disease, and
“worn with fatigue, I come to ask an
“abatement of my toils, hitherto, alas!
“but little efficacious; and permission
“to resign into your hands this volume
“of laws, which the profligacy of the
“times would not receive; since you alone
“can accomplish, what your few friends
“have attempted without success. Send
“forth through the land your powerful influence, to restore the soul of ancient freedom, to rectify the taste and elevate the
“sentiments of a sinking age, and transfuse through every rank a predominant
“regard for TRUTH, RELIGION, and the
“Commonweal. Support, mighty GODDESS, the majesty of the laws, the glory
“of the King, and the reputation of Britain; animate her sons with Roman cou-

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“rage to defend their country; possess
 “them with a holy zeal to assert thy cause,
 “and reinstate thee in thy primeval splen-
 “dour: extinguish in their breasts the
 “enfeebling love of PLEASURE, thy igno-
 “ble rival: fire them with a just disdain
 “of *Avarice* and *Mean Ambition*: teach
 “them to despise the cowardice of doing
 “wrong, to spurn the hire of oppression,
 “and to abhor the wages of iniquity.
 “Let the Muses, and all the Liberal Arts,
 “be made subservient to morality, and
 “decency of manners: and O thou guar-
 “dian and friend of human kind! inspire
 “all in stations of authority to join their
 “efforts in favour of their native land;
 “till under thy direction the constitution
 “be thoroughly refined, *Liberty* and power
 “attain an equal poize, and Britain be-
 “come, by wholesome discipline and pru-
 “dent laws, incorruptible at home, as
 “well as, by a bold exertion of her hid-
 “den strength, be restored to her former
 “character abroad, and rendered once
 “more the mistress of the seas, the envy
 “of

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“ of the nations, and the dread of tyrants.”

The GODDESS heard him with deep attention, and, with a look and accent expressive of peculiar satisfaction, replied, “ Heroic man! Expect from Providence “ and me the rewards due to your exalted “ merit. Know, in the mean while, that “ your Country turns her imploring eye “ on you, and asks from your interposition “ her long-wished deliverance and restoration. With you alone she is determined to entrust her treasure; and she “ calls on you to direct its application, “ and save it from waste by dismissing “ her fraudulent and her useless servants, “ and introducing among the rest methods “ of frugality; to promote the reformation of her sons; to repell the encroachments; and countermine the policy, of “ her foreign foes; to point her vengeance against her bosom traitors, and support under the cares of government a “ brave and honest Prince. It is an awful “ charge; but shrink not from it. Take “ back the sacred volume. Your unabating

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“bating perseverance shall be crowned
 “with never-fading honours, and, what
 “you will esteem yet more desirable, with
 “eminent success. The cause you have
 “espoused is immortal; it is the cause of
 “VIRTUE.”

The GODDESS, then descending some steps from her Throne, presented her hand to this singular personage, and commanded him to sit down by her side: after which, having employed *Justice* to bring from her stores a golden signet with this inscription, TO THE REAL PATRIOT, she delivered it into his hands, that he might wear it ever after. At a retribution so righteous and uncommon the whole Temple resounded with acclamations.

Silence was again proclaimed, when another votary advanced, whose presence I could perceive to produce in the beholders a mixture of reverence and love. I was surprised at the freshness and beauty of his looks, when told of his declining age. I ascribed it in part to the temper of his mind, which I understood was the sweetest that could be conceived. Indeed

deed his very countenance declared it; for That was lighted up by candour, and benignity. The "meek and quiet spirit" of a little child discovered itself in every feature of this amiable man. At the same time there shone about him a sanctitude of air, which seemed to be the joint emanation of *Purity* and *Wisdom*. His person was tall and graceful. A robe of white lawn, that reached down to his feet, presented the emblem of *Peace* and *Innocence*. His gait was at once composed and courteous. We were informed that this was another of VIRTUE's priests, who made the fewest pretensions, but had the fairest title to her favour. His bosom was touched by her gentlest inspirations; his life had been one entire offering to Her. He had never done an unjust action, never an unkind one. But a negative goodness could not content his generous soul: he aimed from the beginning at something more divine; he aspired to the sublimity of Christian perfection. Through the successive degrees of his order, he ascended by the strength of merit solely, till by the con-
 tinued

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tinued and growing friendship of his sovereign, responsive to the public voice, he arrived at the summit of sacerdotal preferment in his country. There he sat with the mild dignity of unpretending excellence; for, as he had attained this height without ambition, he possessed it without pride. He deemed it indeed, on account of the numerous and difficult duties it demanded, a painful preeminence, and only for the satisfaction of discharging them, desirable. His large revenue, and large power, he faithfully employed for the interests of VIRTUE and those of her lovely attendant RELIGION, which he still regarded as inseparably conjoined: their common cause he had ever pleaded with an oratory which all admired, and few could equal. His auditors listened with awful recollection, and caught the vital spirit that issued from his lips: they believed those strains in commendation of Holiness to be genuine, which streamed so naturally from a feeling and abundant heart. His elocution easy, yet strong and beautiful, his manner simple, yet expressive

live and noble, rendered him a valuable model in the preaching art; an art which he never prostituted to palliate the vices of the great, or humour the passions of the vulgar, to promote the designs of a party, or kindle the destructive flame of theological debate. No one ever knew better to reconcile *Politeness* with *Sincerity*, affability with grandeur, the warmest attachment to TRUTH with the justest regard for *Toleration*. When the king and the nation were in danger, his magnanimous behaviour discovered that *Loyalty*, *Resolution*, and *Public Zeal*, conspired to animate his bosom: but *Peace* was his darling object, as became a servant of the PRINCE OF PEACE; and *Moderation* was his constant companion. These placid dispositions he had on every proper occasion recommended to all; to those especially of his own profession: the poorest and the lowest of the latter he, though raised so far above them, never failed to regard as his brethren while their behaviour was becoming and modest; for indecency or petulance, in a preacher of *Humility* and
Righ-

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Righteousness, excited his particular abhorrence. He was a father to the church: the sons of the clergy he cherished as his sons. But kindness in him was not circumscribed to persons of his own persuasion; its rays, like those of the sun, were expanded through the general orbit of humanity. His religious sentiments might be said to resemble the same glorious luminary: they were all benign and bright, unconfined by local prejudices, and impartial as that eye of Nature. Good without ostentation, and friendly without pretence, his promises were few, his services many. He was beloved by worthy men of all denominations: he was revered even by the worthless, whom he compassionately admonished, not reproached, unless they added malignity or insolence to their other crimes; and then, in imitation of his divine Master, he treated them with a mixture of pity and indignation: he was hated by none but bigots, whom he forgave always, and served when he could. A friend to the followers of VIRTUE, a benefactor to the children

children of misery, his inexhaustible benevolence, like some perennial spring, perpetually flowed to both; to those most, who most deserved and wanted it. Here the *Recorder* made a short pause, looked at the venerable man, and then added with warmth, "I attest DOCTOR HERRING to have been a faithful minister of VIRTUE, and of JESUS!"

The GODDESS smiled assent, and thus addressed him: "My friend and advocate! I thank you for supporting my cause so nobly. I am at a loss to pronounce which has been most persuasive, your eloquence, or your example. How happy for mankind, were all of your order to imitate both! Henceforth take your station at the gate of my Temple, and conduct my purer worshippers to the inmost sanctuary, where PERFECTION and HAPPINESS sit enthroned, and are encircled in each other's arms for ever."

This said, she ordained him to be crowned with a golden mitre, on the fore part of which was a heart embossed with diamonds,

diamonds, whence proceeded a lambent flame, signifying in the symbolical language, 'That the Wearer was eminent
' for a soul consecrated to *Purity* and
' *Love*.'

This excellent man was succeeded by a Lady of superior extraction and singular desert. She was introduced by *Modesty*, whose humble maxims she had never transgressed. On her right hand walked the Muse *Erato*, to denote her affectionate disposition; and on her left, *Melpomene*, to mark her skill in music. Her train was supported by a youth whose name was *Good Humour*, and whose aspect bespoke a mind inspired by vivacity, and brightened into gladness. Her stature was not of that lofty kind, which is particularly adapted to command respect; but in her countenance graciousness was seated, and her smiles were the genuine expression of benevolence. She moved with a majesty softened by ease. Her appearance altogether created in the beholders a pleasing interest, which was heightened

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ened into admiration, when they heard her story.

Born a Princess in a foreign court, not remarkable for its magnificence, she had early enlivened it by her gaiety of heart, as she always adorned it by the decency of her manners. These, united with a considerable share of elegant accomplishments, and a peculiar benignity of nature, had held her up as an object worthy the regards of a Prince, whose youth and elevation, placed as he was the head of a great people, and surrounded with all that could flatter his passions, had not power to seduce him from the desire of attaching his heart to the votarefs of VIRTUE, and seeking his satisfaction in domestic joys. The report of her excellence, having reached his ear, had fixed his choice. Although, when she was first seen by the nation upon whose protection she had thrown herself, where imagination had expected to find her no less beautiful than worthy, their fond hopes seemed but little gratified in her personal figure, she had yet, by a demeanour irresistably sweet
as

as well as uniformly prudent, gained every hour on the esteem of all that approached her; till at last she stole upon their hearts, and became the most universally beloved character in the kingdom: nor had her popularity been ever, in a long series of years, forfeited with any party, shaken by any faction, or undermined by any political cabal. Those, who differed from each other most widely on all other subjects, warmly agreed in admiring her gentle qualities and captivating deportment; which no height of station, no blaze of splendour, and no breath of applause, had at any time been able to alter or abate.

In her family, she had always shone with the same soft lustre. By her cheerful conversation, her spritely humour, her enchanting meekness, the never-ceasing attentions of duty and obedience, and the unwearied exertions of maternal fondness, had invariably secured for her, in the bosom of her royal Partner, a throne ten thousand fold more desirable than any which *Ambition* can boast, while they

they served to sooth that bosom, amidst the multiplied perplexities inseparable from the government of a wide-extended and much-divided empire. Blessed with a numerous and flourishing offspring, this admirable woman, far from devolving them wholly on the care of strangers, like many a fashionable mother of greatly inferior condition, deemed it her glory to tend their health, to watch their safety, to study their opening minds, and by possessing them with a timely reverence for TRUTH, RELIGION, and VIRTUE, to prevent the contagion of a court, and lay the surest basis of every amiable and princely qualification, such as might render them in future years the increasing delight of their parents, the darlings of Britain, and the ornaments of humanity.

The uncommon complacence which this account produced in the GODDESS, her Attendants and the whole Assembly, was strongly apparent; it kindled every eye into rapture. "Thou best of wives, of mothers, and of queens!" said VIRTUE in the warmest accents of approbation,

tion, "thou bright model of various excellence! how shall I assign thee an adequate reward?" She paused, as if to consider by what means she might most significantly manifest her favour. She looked round her, and proceeded, "My worshippers and followers will surely rejoice, on this blissful occasion, to contemplate the Progeny of so beloved a lady; as her conscious soul must be ravished to behold them the objects of universal tenderness and joyful zeal." She then ordered them to be ushered in. The glorious multitude of spectators seemed all suspended, and panting with curiosity; when no fewer than ten alluring children, whose ages appeared to succeed each other in a regular gradation, entered the place according to their years, led on by *Innocence*, a youthful Power, in whose blooming looks Sweetness and Simplicity were seen to sport, and who had conducted her smiling charge to the Temple, by a short and flowery path unknown to older travellers. I remarked, indeed, that the youngest of them, being yet but a babe,

was

was carried in the arms of *Hope*. *Wisdom* followed them as their guard. But words would feebly speak the generous transports, that glowed through the mighty throng, while so extraordinary a procession was passing in review. As the amiable train moved along, nameless little *Loves*, beautiful as cherubim, hovered about them, strewing their way with roses and lillies. The pensive and awful visage of their Guard expanded into a serene triumph. When they had measured the area of the Temple, she ranged them on either hand of their enraptured parent, whose emotions at that moment can only be imagined. At that moment she seemed to feel the endeavours of her life divinely recompensed. But VIRTUE, willing to confer a permanent token of the kindness she had long entertained for so distinguished a votaries, commanded *Fame* to produce a Medal of transcendant beauty, which *Sculpture* had some time before struck by her order. It exhibited on one side a striking resemblance of that incomparable Princess, crowned with a wreath

wreath which was composed of the peaceful olive and the fruitful vine. Round the border was this inscription, *DELICIÆ POPULI*. On the reverse might be seen the figure of *Concord* presenting the royal Issue to *The Genius of Britain*, who seated on a rock receives with tender exultation the future supporters of his empire, while rays of light fall upon them from above. Delivering it to the lady with a most gracious smile, the GODDESS thus addressed her : “ Accept, my sister and
 “ my friend, for such I esteem thee,
 “ accept this small memorial of my fervent attachment to thee, and to thy
 “ family. Be assured I participate deeply
 “ in their felicity and thine. It is the
 “ just retribution of Heaven to merit on
 “ thy part alike exalted and unassuming,
 “ and shall continue to follow that conjugal fidelity of which so few royal
 “ Pairs have, in the long succession of
 “ generations, been known to furnish an
 “ equal example.” Descending from the Throne, and embracing her, she added,
 “ And

"And now, my friend and my sister,
"take possession of yonder adjoining Abode
"of HAPPINESS, which opens to receive
"thee and thy children. Thither let them
"attend thee. A lovelier retinue thou canst
"not have; and another were superfluous."

As this illustrious Person, and her lovely offspring, passed slowly from the Presence, the Nymph HARMONY, who with enthusiastic ardour had witnessed every part of the transaction, upon receiving a signal from the GODDESS, struck her golden lyre with extacy; and sung such strains in praise of Moderation, Meekness, Conjugal Duty, and Domestic Peace, as emulated the Musick of the Spheres, and gave new sublimity to the sensations of the listening and entranced Assembly.*

When the melody was closed, MODESTY, assuming a degree of confidence which she had never before been observed to wear, introduced a man just entering on the verge of old age, whose face displayed that serious kind of charm which belongs to the

* The effect upon the editor was so strong as to awake him.

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bloom of such a period. He preserved still unimpaired that vivid sight, whereby he seemed capable of fathoming the hearts of men. At the same time his eyes shed such soft effulgence, as indicated a spirit no less benign than penetrating. His port was noble, and every circumstance of his carriage elevated, but without any thing imperious or haughty. All was the natural gesture of a superior mind, unconscious of its grandeur. He walked forward with meek majesty. The moment he appeared, the attendants of VIRTUE, struck as by some heavenly vision, gazed on him with the enthusiasm of admiration. Afterwards turning to the GODDESS, they seemed to wait her motions, with earnest but respectful suspense. She made a sign to a certain number of them; on which like lightening they darted from their places, and thronging round the votary accompanied him as he stood near the Throne. Their names were, *Equity, Mercy, Magnanimity, Temperance, Liberty, Rhetoric, TRUTH, Politeness, Prudence, RELIGION, and The Genius*

nus of Britain. An attention still as midnight prepared the Audience to hear the attestation of the *Recorder.* The *Recorder*, raising his arm, and assuming a tone more solemn than usual, exclaimed with rapture, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, the boast of humanity, and the favourite of God!" He then proceeded to give the following account of this wonderful Personage.

He was educated in a private station, and suffered, on entering the world, such hardships as, meeting with a fund of native goodness, confirmed him in his reverence for VIRTUE, and gave a finer edge to all his affections. By the sole prevalence of transcendent probity, and equal talents, in every stage through which he passed, he was early advanced to the place of highest trust and authority under his Sovereign. Far from elated, he was rather humbled by it, and rejoiced in his elevation only as it opened to him a wider prospect of the wants of mankind, and furnished him with a larger capacity to relieve

them. Neither the corruptions of a court could infect, nor its sunshine dazzle him, inaccessible alike to *Luxury* and *Avarice*, as well as an implacable enemy to injustice and falsehood, by whomsoever practised. He listened to no persuasion but that of TRUTH and *Equity*, knew no interest but that of *Liberty* and VIRTUE, having never been a slave to his own passions, nor a tool to those of others. His tongue was a stranger to flattery; but no one ever contradicted more obligingly. He was perfectly well-bred, but intapable of a mean compliance; and he had no occasion for it. He was sure to please by the all-attractive power of a mild integrity. Though of no party, he had the testimony of every party; both friends and foes agreeing to proclaim his worth, if he indeed had any foes, who hated none but bad men, and who rather pitied than hated even these. When the duties of his arduous province would permit him, no one better understood to put off the dress of greatness, and to enjoy the sweets of elegant and learned tranquillity.

in a circle of kindred minds, with whom he mingled in the closest sympathies of *Friendship*. How delightful was it to see him, on such occasions, alternately imparting and sharing the soul of wit and hilarity, familiarizing *Philosophy* to Mirth, and insinuating the sublimest lessons, amidst the simplicity and play of common conversation! His house was the dwelling place of Order, Contentment, and Affection! He was equally revered and confided in by his children, to whom (so reasonable had he formed them!) he did not refuse any thing they ever asked him. He was adored by his servants, from the highest to the meanest. His closet was *Wisdom's* shrine. There, remote from the din of a distempered world, he conversed with his Creator, and himself, adored the divine administration, interceded for the human race, and, harmonizing with the supreme benevolence, devised plans of wide-extended usefulness, for that was the ruling passion of his nature. His Prince, his Country, Society at large, these were the magnificent objects that oc-

cupied his time, and labours, and genius,
 and heart: for these he was willing to live;
 and for these too, if necessary, he would
 have dared to die. By fulfilling this noble
 destination, he believed the Universal Parent
 was served most acceptably; and he was
 gloriously fitted to fulfill it. A quick and
 comprehensive understanding, invigorated
 by continual exercise, enlightened by va-
 rious literature, and refined by the truest
 taste; a temper all alive, yet calm, and
 patient as *Charity* herself; though exquisitely
 sensible; on oratory intensely glowing, yet
 always under entire command, and calcu-
 lated to convince no less than move; a ten-
 der feeling of the rights of men; a deep
 insight into the interests of Britain, and such
 an intuition into the most intricate cases,
 as almost approached to angelic intelli-
 gence; these extraordinary qualities con-
 spired in him to accomplish the senator, the
 statesman, the judge, the counsellor of roy-
 alty, the guardian of the people, the patron
 of merit and learning, the protector of
 persecuted innocence, and the terror of
 insolent

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insolent oppression. To these generous cares he sacrificed his ease, his sleep, his health, his gain, his books, his company, nay and often the sweetest charms of *Friendship*, *serenity*, and self-enjoyment. To him his master, his fellow citizens, the worthy, the wretched, every where, fled as to their best resource, next to Omnipotence. To him the meanest found ready access. He was a Tutelar Deity on earth. In his presence, the frowns of *Justice* were softened into smiles, *Sorrow* was transformed into gladness, *Violence* stood daunted, *Fraud* forgot his snares; and the sons of Belial, blushing, stole from under the shelter of the laws.

“ The young men saw him and hid themselves; and the aged arose and stood up.

“ The nobles held their peace. The

“ princes laid their hand on their mouth.

“ When the ear heard him, then it blessed

“ him; and when the eye saw him, it gave

“ witness to him: because he delivered the

“ poor that cried, and the fatherless, and

“ him that had none to help him. The

“ blessing of him that was ready to perish;

came

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“ came upon him; and he caused the wi-
 “ dow’s heart to sing for joy. He was eyes
 “ to the blind, and feet was he to the lame.
 “ He was a father to the poor, and the
 “ cause which he knew not, he searched
 “ out. He brake the jaws of the wicked,
 “ and pluckt the spoil out of his teeth. He
 “ put on righteousness, and it clothed him.
 “ His judgment was as a robe and a
 “ diadem.”

The *Recorder* ceased. VIRTUE contem-
 plated the illustrious man, with silent but
 sovereign complacence. After a consider-
 able pause, she rose from her seat and said,
 “ Hail, thou best and greatest of men! the
 “ darling of Heaven and me, hail! I chuse
 “ thee for my delegate, to represent hence-
 “ forth my person to thy mortal brethren.
 “ Bear witness, earth and skies, that VIR-
 “ TUE has invested TALBOT with her fairest
 “ honours!”

Having thus spoken, she desired him to
 ascend the Throne, and take his place at
 her right hand. With modest reluctance
 he obeyed. She then adorned his head with
 a tiara

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a tiara of gold, which bore this remarkable inscription, ΠΑΝΤΑ ΚΑΛΩΣ, importing that HE HAD PERFORMED HIS PART NOBLY. On which, methought, the whole assembly burst into such thunder of applause, as awaked me from my Dream into the sober tenour of ordinary life.

THE END.

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A plan of government for this temple is
to be found in the report of the
committee on the subject of the
temple, which is a most valuable
document, and one of the most
important of the whole collection.
It is a plan of government for the
temple, and is a most valuable
document, and one of the most
important of the whole collection.



THE END

